

THE LEISURE HOUR



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TIRED GLEANERS.

From the Painting by F. Morgan.

THE CUP OF TEARS.



AND sure, Tim Logan is the foineest fluteplayer annywhere, barrin' that he niver blows a breath down the instrument. There's a power of music inside of Tim, an' bedad, if he wanst tuk down the flute that's been hangin' on his wall these twenty years, there's no tellin' hwhat wouldn't start jiggin'.

"What does he do for a livin'?" d'ye say? Faith, he kapes a cow. That's his cottage, across the glen, fornenst the crag, wid the pig in the doorway. An' if ye went across there, Tim'd show you his flute maybe, for mighty proud of it he is, and kapes it shiny and bright, but if ye axe him for a chune, faith, ye'll be to whustle for it.

It's thrue enough hwhat I'm tellin' yez, Tim could be the greatest musician in Ireland—let alone the adjacent counthries, at this moment if he chose. It used to be an owld saying, that Tim's ten fingers could set aff all the toes on the mountain side. And it was not only jigs he was so illigant at, there was niver a song sung but Tim could coax it out of his flute, and it'd come thricklin' and tinklin' like melted silver entirely. Och, the likes av it was niver heard, and little wonder that the purtiest lass in the glen married Tim, for Tim and his flute and the moonlight'd persuade a princess, though Biddy had the pick of the bhoys and the polis for miles round. An' when Tim had thravelled over the gap every moonlight night for three years to serenade Biddy, she gev'm the sign, and Father Mulcahy married 'em a week afther.

Well, Biddy and he lived like a couple av fairies for some months, and every avenin' Tim'd take down the flute and discoorse most beautiful, till ye'd think the very gander would be afther skippin' about to the music. An' Biddy'd sit and watch him, for he had a lovely smile on the face av him whin he was playin', not like one av these furrin fiddlers as scowls over their music. And Tim tuk to makin' chunes out of fancy, and played his flute to Biddy all as one as a mavish callin' to his mate, and the likes av it was niver seen, they were so happy.

Says Biddy one day, "Tim," says she, "sorra doubt but you're a rale janius." "I belave I may be," says he. "It's a wonderful gift," says he, "to have the right undherstandin' of music," says he, "an' maybe if I could go to London and play before the Queen

on her throne, it's Lord and Lady Logan we'd both be, Biddy; for she'd *be* to make us some recognisement," says he, "and foine ye'd look, Biddy, in a green silk robe, and me playin' to yez on a golden flute instid of this owld wooden one," says he. "Och," says Biddy, "sure we're happy enough as it is, and the only way to enjoy the present is not to luk back on the future before it comes," says she. "Thru for you," says Tim, "but it'd be a mighty foine thing, all the same, to be the greatest fluter on airth, if only the rest of the world knew av it," says he, "but they're very apt not to find it out," says he, "onless ye blow your own trumpet," says he, "and that's what I'm afraid nobody'll do for me," says he.

Well, Tim got it into his head, by-an'-by, that the janius that was in him was too big for his body, let alone being too big for the glen, and that that wasn't the right place for him at all at all, but that he might be making a mint of money out of his flute, wandherin' over the face of the airth. An' he began to get glum, and conqaved that he was raly hindered, and from bein' hearty in his appetite he began to luk twice at his food before he touched it; and 'twas little he put into his mouth at those times, and niver a word kem out av it. But Biddy stood by him like a jew'l, and niver a line crossed her purty face; but she'd just hand him his flute at the right time, an' maybe mix him a thrifle of potheen in the avenin'. And "Biddy darlint," says Tim one day, "you're a rale angel," says he, "barrin' that ye haven't got the wings," says he; "and that I'm not sorry for," says he, "for ye'd *be* to fly away from the likes av me one day," says he. "Oh, go along," says she; "an' why would I fly away from the lovely music av your flute, Tim avick?" says she; "sure an angel's harp'd sound thin to me," says she, "if it wasn't Tim's breath that made the music." "Lave your humbuggin'," says he, "I bid ye, for ye know yerself that all my chunes weary ye. I'll not be happy," says he, "till the wide world is listenin' to me."

Well, Ballykelly fair day kem round, and Tim put on his casthor and Biddy barred the door, and away they wint down the glen to the fair, wid the flute stickin' out of Tim's tail-pockets, but sorra note did he play that morning, but the melancholy had hold of him, and there was notes in his heart too sad to be brought out av a flute, annyway. For a flute, d'ye see, is for a dance or a jig, and bates all for merry music, that it'll make yez cry for liveliness; but the music of sorrow must be scraped out of the low strings of a fiddle, to my

thinkin', and there's them as can make yez smile at the sadness av it. But Tim could niver get a right grip of the fiddle, not bein' accustomed to't, and he strolled about at the fair without so much as a "God save yez" on his tongue, and the bhoys were afraid av him, and dursn't look at Biddy that used to be the lightest-toed of them all whin Tim tuk the flure. And there was dancin', and all manner of fun, but sorra wink did Tim give to't, but moped about suckin' the ind av his blackthorn, wid Biddy draggin' at his heels.

By-an'-by they kem to a booth with one of these phrenologists (they call 'em) gotherin' away on an owld chap's head that he was examinin'; and sure it's a mighty quare thing that they can tell all about yez from the bumps an your head, more betoken there's apt to be one or two exthry of a fair day, let alone wakes and 'lections. An' says this chap, "I'll make a pint av tellin' your thrue kerreckthers, if ye'll step up," says he; "gintlemen, one shillin', leedies, eighteenpence, on account of the more numerous virtues resoidin' in the fair sex," says he. "I'll tell yez," says he, "more about your kerreckthers than ye iver dhreamt of, thus rendherin' yez capable of seein' yourselves as others see yez, an', maybe, shewin' yez the short cut to fame and wealth. For how d'ye know," says he, "but hwhat there's a Gladstone or a Parnell, or maybe a Murphy, amongst ye? Full phrenological examination, one shillin'," says he, "and if ye wish for a private interview," says he, "yez can come inside, and for the consideration of a slight honorarium," says he, "I'll give yez advoice, free gratis and for nothing, that'll last yez all your loife."

Says he, looking at Tim, "Excuse me, sir, if it wasn't an insult to a gintleman, I'd be after askin' yez to let me examine your head gratis, for I can see it's a foine knobby one." "Go up," says Biddy, givin' Tim a shillin', "and let him feel it"; and, thinks Tim, "maybe it'll do me some good." And he sat down in the chair, but the flute in his tails bein' inconvenient, he tuk it out an' gev it to Biddy, while the Professor went on feeling his head.

"Ye're a kind husband," says he.

"That's thrue," says Biddy, not heedin' the crowd.

"An' a good father, ye will be."

"Oh, be aisy wid ye," says Tim.

"Gregariousness good," says the Professor, "but ye've more acquaintances than friends though."

"Thrue for ye," says Tim, "how did ye find that out?"

"It's all in the bumps," says the Professor. "Here's another. Ye'd be a throifle stingy, if ye wasn't so generous. Humanity middlin', pugnacity good." "Stop," says he all of a suddint, "is this bump natural or acquired?" "Is that the one ye got at the faction fight at Banagh?" says Biddy. "No," says Tim, "for that was behind." "Thin," says the Professor, "ye've the biggest bump av music I iver encountered."

"Ah, luk at that now," says Biddy. "Sure, isn't it wondherful entirely?"

"Why, you're a very Orifice of music," says the Professor. "'Twas he that could charrum inanimate things, but 'tis yourself that can make the stones to fly and the sticks to dance," says he, "if ye cultivate your talent," says he.

Well, Tim paid his shilling and kem away, an' "Throth," says he, "I feel the better already," an' he began to hould up his head and shtruted about all as one as a peacock. And Biddy axed him for to dance, but, says he, "Is it me," says he, "Tim Logan, wid the biggest bump av music on airth," says he, "demane myself wid caperin' about?" says he. And sorra step would he dance, and by-an'-by nothin' 'd plase him, but he must go back to the phrenologist and axe his advoice. So he an' Biddy wint inside, an' says Tim, "Maybe ye could tell me, sor," says he, "how I'll become the foinest musician in the world," says he. "D'ye wish to be famous, thin?" says the Professor. "Faith, I do," says Tim, "an' Biddy wishes it too, don't ye?" "Ah, sure," says Biddy, "ye're famous enough for me already, an' I like ye fine as ye are." "Fly away wid you," says he, "but you're not the lass I thought, or ye'd wish me to be at the top av the tree." "Sure the twigs at the top is not the strongest," says Biddy, "an' maybe I couldn't climb afther yez." But, says Tim, angered like, "Can ye not tell me of a charrum or a potion," says he to the Professor, "that would bring the music out av me, an' make the wide world listen to't?" says he, "for there's lashins in me," says he, "an' I'll be the biggest man on the airth if ye'll let it out," says he. "I see," says the Professor, lukkin' at Biddy; "well, there's one potion that's often been taken by thim as has risen high," says he, "an' maybe if ye make up yer moind to dhrink it ye'll get there too," says he. "Thin give me a pint av it," says Tim, "an' I'll take it now." "That's impossible," says the Professor, lukkin' at Biddy, "for I couldn't make it so quickly." "Thin give me a description," says Tim, "an' I'll get it made up at a druggist's." "Well, I'll do that," says the Professor, "an' to show ye that it's boney-fidey," says he, "if ye'll deposit five shillin's wid me, I'll guarantee to return it if the charrum fails; and there it is," says he, writin' something on a piece of paper. "Kape it for a fortnight," says he, "and thin thry it."

Well, Tim put the paper in the linin' av his casthor, an' was mighty particular not to lose it; an' when he got home he sent for Phil Mahoney the schoolmaster, that had a power of larnin' an' could wish ye the tip av the mornin' in sivin languages; an' Tim showed him the writin'. An' Phil looked at it this way an' that, an' turned it round, an' says he, "I couldn't make yez undherstan' it widout logic an' tracheotomy," says he, "if I was to conshtruh it into the vulgar tongue," says he, "for there's too many idiots in it," says he, "but it's rale sthrong Latin an' no mistake, an'



"THAT'S AN ILLIGANT STICK YE'VE CUT, TIM, BUT IT'LL BE TOO LIGHT FOR THE FIG.
YE'RE TOO TINDER-HEARTED, TIM," SAYS SHE.

if it's by way of a charrum, there's little harm can come to yez if ye kape it."

Well, in a fortnight Tim went down to Ballykelly again, and tuk the paper to the druggist's, and axed him for to make up the potion. An' the gossoon that was behind the counter could make nothin' av it, but showed it to his master, and the master puzzled over it, and fetched down a big book, and, says he, laughin', "We don't kape *lachrymæ* in solution," says he. "D'ye know hwhat's on this paper?" says he. "Sorrah word," says Tim. "Thin I'll thranslate it for yez," says he. "It says ye're to drink a cup av your wife's tears, and ye may get hwhat ye want," and he gave the paper back to Tim.

Well, Tim was vexed as he walked home, an', thinks he, "It'll be a powerful long time before I get sillybrated at this rate," says he, "for in the natural coorse of things 'twill take Biddy years to cry a cupful," says he, "let alone the foolishness of collecting it. An' I suppose I'll be to make her," says he, "and that's what I don't like." And he detarmined not to tell Biddy, but when he got home he just sat and said nothin', but kep' lukkin' at her purty face and wondherin' how in the wide world he was to get a cup of tears from her lovely eyes. For he'd be to have them somehow; and, thinks he, "If I tell her, she'll niver be able to do't at all, but if I make her cry now," says he, "I can tell her afterwards that 'twas all for the description, an' no harm done." However, he couldn't bring himself to damp her sperrits, let alone make her onhappy, an' so he was glum an' downcast for about a week an' nath'rally Biddy was troubled too.

An' thin Tim began grumblin' at her. "Ye're mighty glum, Biddy," says he, "maybe ye're not happy wid me that ye keep so quiet," says he. "Maybe ye might have done better wid some other gossoon." An' Biddy said niver a word, though her heart was in her mouth, for she niver heard Tim spake so before an' she wondhered hwhat had come over him. An' Tim was angry in himself bekase she wouldn't answer him, an' he kep' on every now an' again sayin' something to rouse her, as ye might say, but sorrah thing would Biddy do to carry on as he wanted, but gave him a look from her purty eyes that fairly squelched him.

So Tim seen it was no good thryin' that away, and he cast about in his head for some other plan, and, thinks he, "I've heard av people cryin' wid laughin'," says he, "an' maybe Biddy could that, and a pleasanter way it'd be." So he tuk down an owld newspaper he had an' spelt out all the jokes and larnt 'em by rote; and that avenin' he made himself ter'ble pleasant wid Biddy, an' the likes av him was niver seen, an' mighty plased Biddy was, an' laft at all he said an' axed him for to tell her "Driscoll's coortin'" wanst agin; and, "Tim," says she, stoppin' him all of a suddint in the middle av it, "Tim, darlint, I wish ye wuz always like this, an' it's mighty happy I'd be." "Why, thin," bellows Tim, disengagin' himself, "the mis-

chief's got hould of you I think, for whin I want ye to laugh ye begin makin' eyes at me, an' whin I want ye to—" "What, Tim?" says Biddy, skeered like. But Tim wouldn't tell her, bekase he knew that'd be the wrong way to work.

"Faith," says Tim to himself next day, "I'll be to wallop her I suppose, though it goes agin me to do't," an' he wint an' cut the tindherest stick he could find in the hedge, for he thought it wouldn't be the pain that'd bring the tears out of Biddy's eyes so much as his batin' her at all at all. An' says Biddy, "That's an illigant stick ye've cut, Tim, but it'll be too light for the pig. Ye're too tinder-hearted, Tim," says she. "Tis not for the pig," says Tim, lukkin' at her sideways; but he put off usin' it till night-fall. An' he knew that Paddy Grogan of Banagh that bate his wife did it whin he was drunk, so Tim wint out to Murphy's shebeen that night an' dhrank about a quart of potheen; but whin he kem home, bein' a thrifle heartier nor he intinded, he wint to the wrong ind av the room an' began wallopin' the cow; till, my jew'l, she let out sideways wid her hind feet an' Tim was lyin' on his back before he knew it.

Well, Biddy nath'rally began to conqave that the piece of paper that Tim had got from the Professor was the rason of all his quareness, an' one avenin' while he was at the shebeen she tuk it out av the linin' av his casthor, an' wint up to Father Mulcahy wid it, an' whin she had confised to his riv'rin'ce she showed him the paper an' axed him for to tell her hwhat was written on it, "For," says she, "'tis a charm that Tim got at the fair, an' maybe your hanner can tell me if it's a good or a bad one," says she. An' his hanner looked at it an' laffed, an', says he, "'Tis no charrum at all at all," says he, "but just a jingle," says he, "an' can't do yez good or harm, more betoken there's some thruth in it; for it says if Tim would be a great musician he must first dhrink a cup av his wife's tears; which is by way av bein' a figure av speech, or po'thry, Biddy," says he, "an' manes that ambition and janius may be the ru'n av domestic happiness; but sure that can't be so wid you, Biddy," says his riv'rin'ce, lukkin' straight at her, "for I know well that Tim is the kindest husband that iver walked, and would niver bring the tears to your eyes." "Indade, ye may say that," says Biddy, "an' sure sorrah one av me would have a better husband," an' she wint home detarminin' to say nothin', but just wait an' see hwhat Tim would do.

An' Tim was skulking about all the time, thinkin' to himself, an' after a day or two he conqaved that maybe if Biddy thought he was dead it might onloose her tears, an' that avenin' he wint to the shebeen as usual, an' soon after nightfall Biddy heard some whisperin' outside, an' thin there came a knock at the open door, an' in walked Paddy Grogan. "Good avenin' to ye, Misther Grogan," as if his comin' was an ordinair' thing. "The crame av the day to yourself, Widdy Logan," says he coughin'. An' Biddy turned a thrifle pale, but she lukked

at him again, an' she lugged at the windy, an' she seen it was a thrick an' she said nothin'. "The crame av the blessed avenin' to yourself, Widdy Logan," says he, onaisy like. "Ye've said that before, Misther Grogan," says she, "an' it's mighty quare that ye call me Widdy so soon," says she. "Well, I mane it," says he, for he was not one who minded his words; "an' that's what I kem to tell ye," says he, "that Tim's kilt." "Luk at that now," says Biddy, loud an' careless like; "criss of my crass, but that's mighty suddint. An' hwhat kilt him?" "Sure we had a bit av a scrimmage down there," says Paddy, "an' Tim's head kem against a big stone that was flyin'. I thought ye'd be glad to know," says he, getting up to go, "an' I wouldn't have come, barrin' that Tim axed me to tell ye he was dead." "Thank ye kindly," says Biddy, "I wish Mrs. Grogan as kind friends," says she, "an' as much convenience in larnin' the news; for I'll not have to sit up to-night now I know Tim's kilt," says she. "He's been mighty fond av society lately," says she, "an' sure ye'll be afther missing him at the shebeen." An' Paddy Grogan was fairly conflustered an' wint out without a word.

Well, Tim had been listenin' outside, an' the way Biddy tuk the news pretty nigh sobered him, an' he wandhered up an' down like a spirit till about cock-crow, an' thin he wint in, an' there was Biddy sittin' by the ashes, pale an' detarmined, an', says she, "Good mornin', Tim; is it you or your ghost, for they told me ye were dead," says she. An' Tim tuk th' opposite chair an' sat glarin' at her, while she lugged down into her lap an' said niver a thing. An' there they sat while the broad daylight kem in at the windy, an', barrin' that Tim gev a grunt an' Biddy a sigh ivery now an' thin, sorra word passed betune them. An' whin Biddy began to go about gettin' the breakquest, says Tim, "Sit ye down, Misthress Logan," says he, "for

I'll ate no breakquest till I have my supper, unless I tell ye hwhat's on my mind." "An' won't I make ye a cup o' tay, Tim," says she. "'Tis not a cup av tay I'm afther," says he, "but of something else," says he, "that I would a' told yez of before," says he, "but I thought it would come of itself. The charrum that I got at Ballykelly fair," says he, "was that I was to dhrink a cup av me wife's tears, and it's thin I'd be the king av music land," says he, "but if it's not a word av grief ye have for me when I'm dead, Biddy, sorra tear will ye shed for me alive. For ye've no heart in yez, Biddy, an' it's opposite sides av the road we are now." "Ye'd a right not to tell me, Tim," says Biddy, "an' I've kep' something from you," says she, "for I tuk the charrum that was in your hat to Father Mulcahy, an' he towld me hwhat it meant. An', Tim," says she, sittin' down, "do you raly wish to be the king av musicians?" An' Tim was throubled an' could say nothing. "Thin fetch a cup," says she, sinkin' back, wid a tear rowlin' down her pretty cheek, an' before Tim knew where he was he was kneelin' beside her, an'—

. . . 'Dade they did, yer haner. An' that avenin' Tim made a bracket for the flute an' put it up on the wall, an', says he, "Hang there, you insidious implement av mischief," says he, "all as one as the harp on Tara's walls," says he, "an' sorra note come out av yez," says he, "an' may the breath av me that enters into you be my last," says he; an' from that day to this Tim has kep' his word.

An' that's his cottage across there as I was tellin' ye, an' if you're goin' there ye'll find the front door behind, an' Misthress Logan 'll make yez walkim, an' if ye talk to her about music she'll tell ye that the grunt av the gandher, an' the singin' av the kettle, an' the cry av the childer, is music enough for her an' Tim.

R. W. K. EDWARDS.

The Haven.

OF life's fair boons, not least its brevity:
Thy fragile barque, some merciful decree
Hath saved from cruising on a shoreless sea.

For, ordered otherwise, thy heart would grow
Aweary of the endless ebb and flow
Of waters, whose confines no man might know.

Ever the changeless, infinite expanse,
No isle or headland to relieve thy glance,
Sure, this were bondage past deliverance!

Ah! better thou should'st feel the bitter blast,
And fare with tattered sail and broken mast,
So that thou reach the anchorage at last.

Though round thy prow the adverse current flows,
And baffling winds thy eager course oppose,
A peaceful haven waits thee at the close!

FREDERIC J. COX.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTS.

OTTAWA.



THE OTTAWA HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

TWENTY years after the union of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, which took place in 1840, Canada, like the United States at the time of the Federal Union, had to choose a site for its political capital; to determine upon a city which should be the seat of the Governor-General; the abiding place of the Canadian Parliament; and the headquarters of the Civil Service. In doing so Canada acted differently from the United States. The American Congress chose a site amid the uncleared land on the shores of the Potomac, and there established the city of Washington, which owes its situation and its beginnings entirely to the political needs of the United States.

Canada did not go out into the uncleared lands and establish an entirely new city. It selected, as the site of its Parliament House and its Government offices, a town on the Ottawa River, which had been in existence for thirty

years before Canada determined on a new political capital. It was then a little trading and lumber settlement on the river, below the Falls of Chaudiere, with less than ten thousand inhabitants. It owed its beginnings to the Rideau military canal, and the little town had been named after the Colonel of Engineers by whom the Rideau Canal had been constructed.

It was only two or three years before it was settled upon as the site of the new capital that Bytown dropped its prosaic name, and became known as Ottawa. Other towns in Canada have gone through similar changes in nomenclature, and have reverted to Indian names more in keeping with the physical surroundings of the towns than the names which were given to them by the first settlers. Toronto is one of these places; Niagara is another. All the changes are for the better, and in no case has the change been more appropriate than at Ottawa. Niagara might not have been at any

disadvantage if it had continued to be known as Newark. Toronto would perhaps have developed as rapidly under its early name of Little York; but Bytown would have been a miserable name for the political metropolis of a country which occupies half of the American continent. The name of Ottawa recalls one of the most beautiful rivers in America; and it is fitting also that at least one of the seats of Government on the North American continent should, by its name, recall the aboriginal inhabitants.

There was much controversy and great political turmoil before the representatives of the two provinces could agree on Ottawa as the new capital. After it had been decided to leave the choice to her Majesty the Queen, the controversy was renewed, and brought about a ministerial crisis. But whatever may have been the pros and cons of the long-drawn-out controversy, there can be no doubt of the physical suitability of Ottawa as a capital city, and of the striking natural grandeur of the site selected for the Houses of Parliament.

Below the Falls of Chaudiere the Ottawa River widens out into a beautiful lake, a mile or so in width. On the south side there rises a steep bluff, between 250 and 300 feet high, from the top of which there is a magnificent view of the Ottawa above and below the Chaudiere Falls, and of the mountains beyond the river. When Ottawa was still known as Bytown, this commanding site was partly occupied by barracks and a hospital. At one time the cedar and pine clad bluff was marked out as the site of a fort. To-day the Parliament buildings and two great blocks of government offices stand on this favoured site, and the city of Ottawa slopes away from Parliament Hill.

The approach to Parliament Hill on the city side is easy and gradual. From the river side Parliament Hill is too precipitous even for climbing, and the Parliament Houses occupy a site which, from the river, is as impregnable and as commanding as the castle at Edinburgh. Excepting the historic fortress at Quebec, no public building in Canada, or in the United States, occupies a site comparable with that of the Dominion Parliament House. The only building in the western world which will at all compare with it is the State House at Columbia, South Carolina. That stands on a plateau which commands a far-extending view of the flat plantation country between Columbia and Charlestown. But, interesting as is the view from the Columbia capital, it lacks the broad sweeping river and the mountains which give such an abiding charm to the view from Parliament Hill at Ottawa.

Much had happened in the political history of Canada before the united provinces of Ontario and Quebec established the seat of their government at Ottawa. Canada had then been an English possession for a century. Both pro-

vinces had had two capitals. Quebec, the ancient capital of Canada, had served for Lower Canada until the union of the provinces in 1840. After the union the united Parliament met for eight or nine years at Montreal, until the Parliament building was destroyed in the political riots of 1849.

Newark, now Niagara, was the first capital of Ontario or Upper Canada. The rude wooden buildings which served as the seat of Government were almost within earshot of the Falls. But the Revolutionary War was quite recent when, in 1792, the Governor of Upper Canada convened its first Parliament at Newark. Newark soon came to be regarded as too near the American frontier, and in 1793 Toronto became the seat of Government for Ontario.

The Ontario Provincial Parliament, which was established at confederation in 1867, meets in Toronto to-day; and Toronto after 1793 was never without a Parliament until 1840, when the united Parliament began its meetings in Montreal. After the rioting in Montreal, in 1849, the united Parliament met alternately in Toronto and in Quebec. This was to allay feelings of jealousy between the French and the English provinces. While this rule of meeting held good, one Parliament would sit out its term of four or five sessions in the City of Quebec, and the next in Toronto. The Governor-General made his home in the city in which the Parliament was sitting; and the departments of the Civil Service were moved from place to place with the movements of Parliament. This arrangement may seem strange to English readers; but this instance is not singular in America. A similar plan was worked for many years in the State of Connecticut, where the legislature met alternately in the cities of Hartford and New-haven. The Connecticut plan of a movable legislature, and a peregrinating governor and civil service, came to an end years after the united provinces of Quebec and Ontario had at last agreed upon a permanent political capital, and the Governor-General and the Canadian Parliament had established themselves at Ottawa.

The Ottawa Houses of Parliament were five or six years in building. The Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone in September 1860, and it was not until 1866 that Parliament took possession. The last of the perambulating Parliaments met at Toronto in 1865. The Houses of Parliament, and the two blocks of Government offices built about the same time, occupy three sides of an immense square, and form a stately group of buildings. A central tower serves as the main entrance to the Houses of Parliament, and also marks off externally the wings set apart for the Senate and the House of Commons. A magnificent boulevard of liberal width, lined with trees, runs parallel with the terrace and the park-like grounds on Parliament Hill. To this the name of Wellington Street has been given. It is so called in honour of the Duke of Wellington,

The United
Provinces.

who is credited with having drawn attention to the plateau above the Ottawa River, on which the city of Ottawa now stands, as a most desirable site for the Government of Canada.

When the Canadian Parliament in 1866 first met at Ottawa, it consisted only of the representatives of the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. There was then fewer than one hundred and fifty members of the House of Commons. In those days New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward's Island, which now form the maritime provinces of the Dominion of Canada, had little political connection with the united Canadas for which the Parliament Houses at Ottawa were built. They were each self-governing colonies, much more closely connected with London than with Ottawa; while, as regards the vast stretch of country west of Ontario, and now forming the provinces of Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia, much of it was unsurveyed, if not unexplored, and was either under the jurisdiction of the Hudson Bay Company, or of territorial governments in which representative parliamentary institutions had no place.

The first Parliament to meet at Ottawa was the last of those held under the constitution of 1840, when, after the French Canadian rebellion of 1837, Quebec and Ontario were united under one government.

Before 1840 these two provinces had gone through three stages of government. From 1763, when Canada was formally ceded to England by France, to 1792, the Governors sent out from England were supreme. From 1792 to 1840 Quebec and Ontario had representative institutions. Each province had its own Parliament. One had a Governor-General, and the other a Lieutenant-Governor; and, except for its connection with London, each province was self-governing and self-contained. The union grew out of the disturbances of 1837-38.

Quebec and Ontario were the only colonies which were parties to the Canadian union until 1867, when the Dominion of Canada came into being. At that time Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were the provinces in confederation, and the House of Commons in the Dominion Parliament consisted of 188 members. Since 1887, when the North-West provinces came into confederation, Newfoundland is the only portion of the Canadian colonies which has no part in the political life at Ottawa.

The eight provinces are represented in the Dominion House of Commons by 213 members, and in the Senate by 78 members. Of the 213 members of the Lower House, 92 are from Ontario, 65 from Quebec, 14 from New Brunswick, 20 from Nova Scotia, 5 from Prince Edward's Island, 7 from Manitoba, 6 from British Columbia, and 4 from the North-West Territories. There is one member for every 22,477 of the population. As anyone who will turn to a modern map of Canada can readily

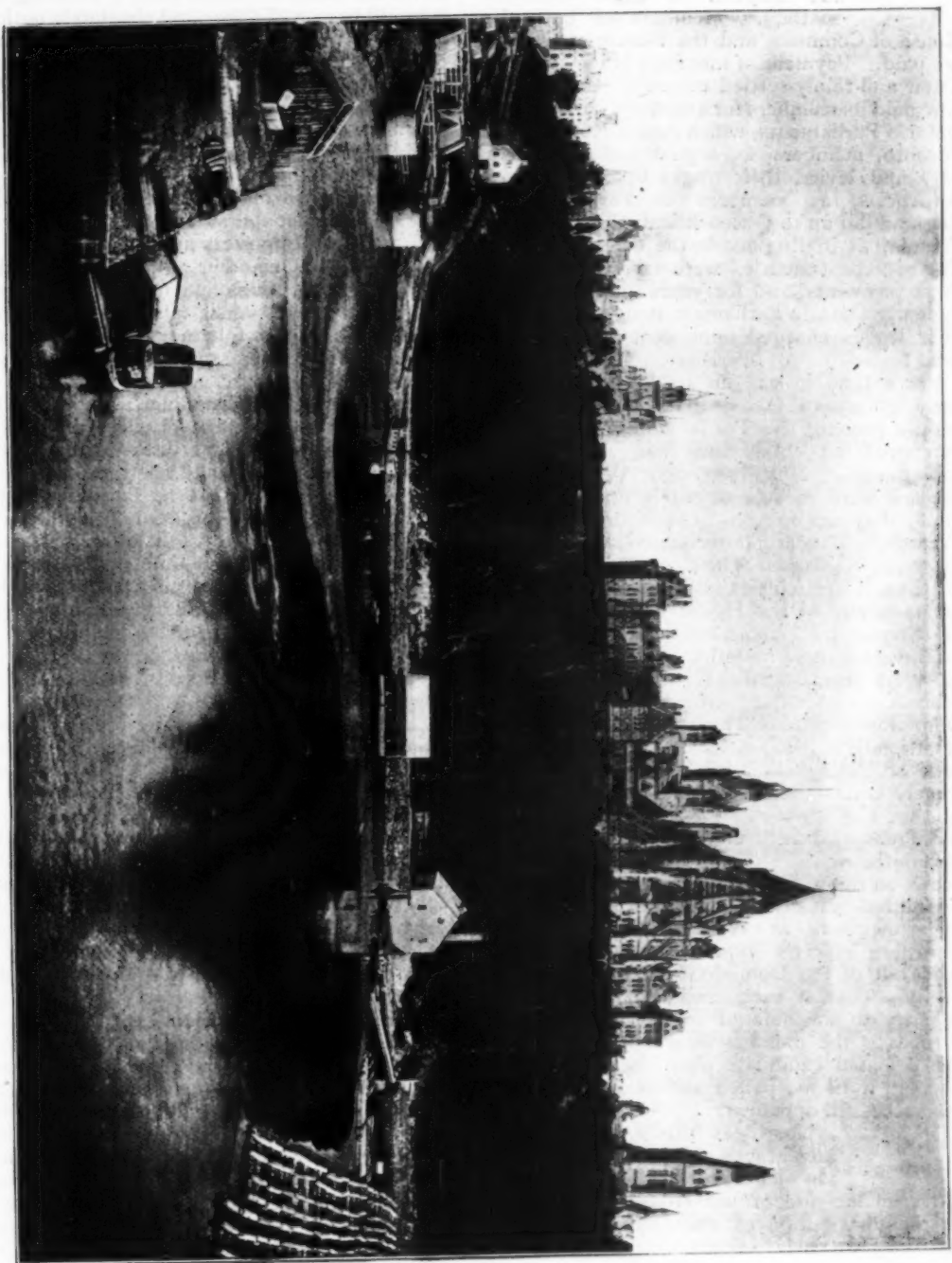
see, the members from the provinces other than Ontario and Quebec travel enormous distances to the Parliament at Ottawa. The six members who come from British Columbia are on the railway for a week when journeying to or from the Dominion Capital, while many of those from the maritime provinces make journeys of a thousand or twelve hundred miles.

The constituencies electing these members of the Dominion Parliament are rearranged after each census. The rearrangement is made by the House of Commons itself, or rather by the party in the majority in the House, and it is generally conceded that it is done with an eye to the advantage of the party in power.

The franchise on which members of the Dominion Parliament are elected is uniform. In most provinces it differs more or less from the franchises on which the provincial Parliaments are elected. As it stands on the Dominion Statute Book, the National Franchise Law has a complicated appearance. It embraces owners of landed property, recipients of life annuities, farmers' sons, sons of the owners of landed property, men in receipt of incomes of over £60 a year, tenants of rented houses, fishermen who are possessed of boats and tackle worth £30, and Indians who own land in severalty. Practically speaking, however, every man who is of age, and is a British subject, can exercise the right to vote at a Dominion Parliamentary election, if he has been in residence in an electoral district for a year prior to the time at which the roll of electors is made up.

The electoral rolls are made up by officers appointed and paid by the Dominion Government. Revising barristers, or the officers who correspond to the revising barristers in England, are supposed by the law passed in 1885 to make new lists of voters each year. The work, however, is so exceedingly costly that in some years it is omitted in order to save expense. The lists have been revised only four times between 1886 and 1896. A barrister, a clerk, and a constable are required in each electoral division to draw up the list of voters; and the list for the Dominion is so long that the Queen's printer at Ottawa once computed that it would occupy forty compositors the whole of a year to put it into type.

The Elections. The elections are carried on after the English fashion. The manner of conducting public meetings is the same as in England; voting is by ballot, and laws like those in England exist in Canada to prevent bribery and corruption. In fact, no sooner is a new election law passed in England than it is enacted in Canada. The Canadians have long ago adopted the Act passed in England in 1883, which compels Parliamentary candidates to publish their election expenses; and within a few years after the English House of Commons had established the plan of sending controverted elections for



PARLIAMENT HILL FROM THE OTTAWA RIVER.

trial before the judges, Canada followed the English example.

The Indemnities, or Payments to Members.

In two or three respects the Canadians have gone further than the English in these electoral matters. Members of both the House of Commons and the Senate at Ottawa are paid. Payment of members is inevitable in a new and thinly settled country. Canada has now paid its members for a century. In the early Ontario Parliaments, which met at Newark and Toronto, members were paid ten shillings a day, and levied their wages upon their constituencies, as members of Parliament in England did up to Queen Elizabeth's time. In Canada, as in England in the days before the Tudors, constituencies were tardy in making these payments, and for years the members of the early Ontario Parliament struggled to have their wages charged upon central instead of local funds.

For a time it was an uphill fight, as the early governors feared that members would unduly prolong the Parliamentary session, if they need not obtain their wages from their constituents. But long ago Parliamentary salaries were made chargeable upon a central fund; they are now paid out of the Dominion Treasury. They are, however, no longer known as wages or salaries. The Canadian euphemism for them is indemnities; and these indemnities for members of the House of Commons and the Senate are £200 a session, if the session extends to three months. In addition, all members are paid mileage, at the rate of five-pence a mile, for the journeys to and from the Dominion capital. The railways in Canada are friendly in their disposition towards members of Parliament. Many of the members travel free, as guests of the railway companies, so that the allowance for travelling made by the Treasury is a liberal one, and more than covers the cost of sleeping accommodation and meals on the way.

Another advantage of Canadian members over members at Westminster is that the returning officer's expenses at elections are paid out of the Dominion Treasury. On the eve of a contest each candidate must deposit security to the amount of £40. This is returned to the member after the election, and the defeated candidate also receives back his deposit, if he has polled half as many votes as his successful opponent.

Political Patronage.

Nor does this end the list of advantages enjoyed by the Dominion legislators. Those on the Government side of the House have a voice in the distribution of the Dominion political patronage in their constituencies. It is hardly correct, perhaps, to describe this as an advantage. Participation in the distribution of these offices brings with it much worry; and it is doubtful whether on the whole a member's standing and connections in his constituency are permanently improved by his share in the work of distributing local offices. English

members of Parliament, who were at Westminster before the reform of the Civil Service, realise what they gained in freedom from worry after the reforms in the fifties; and with some of the Canadian members there is a feeling that it would be as well if they had absolutely nothing to do with appointments to postmasterships, collectorships of customs, and to such other positions under the Dominion Government as the care of bridges and lighthouses. Only members on the Government side of the House have any of these worries, because it has always been the rule at Ottawa that, in the appointments to offices in the outdoor service, the Government's first care is always for its own political supporters and friends.

One other advantage enjoyed by the Canadian members of Parliament must also be mentioned.

Free Postage and Franking. During his three or four months' stay at Ottawa he pays no postage, and not when he is at home if the letters are addressed to any of the Departments at the Dominion capital. While at Ottawa he enjoys the privilege of franking letters, newspapers, and books without limit, provided that all franked letters and book-parcels are posted within the Parliament building. All that a member needs to do to secure the free transmission of a letter to a correspondent—of a three-volume novel from the Parliamentary library to his wife or daughter at home, or half a hundredweight of bluebooks to his constituents, is to write his initials in the left-hand corner of the envelope or the wrapper. If he is too busy to do this, he can delegate the writing of his initials to his secretary.

A member's initials carry a letter all over Canada and the United States. If a member desires to send a letter free to England, or to the Continent, he must write his name in full on the outside of the envelope. When members of Parliament in England were allowed to frank letters, it is said that people sometimes hired carriages to beg franks. The desire for franks is not carried to that extent in Canada; but anyone who is in the public rooms of the hotels in Ottawa can observe people hunting up members of Parliament to frank their letters and their newspapers.

In the Parliament House the frank is so popular and universal that no stamps are on sale at the post-office there. I had been about the Parliament House for a few days before I became acquainted with the frank; and I shall not forget the look of amazement with which I was received by one of the window-clerks in the House of Commons post-office, when I sought to buy some stamps. "You should hunt up your member," remarked a Canadian, who stood behind me at the window.

All letters for members at Ottawa are also carried free. This may account for the fact that members have seldom any grounds to complain that their constituents do not keep in touch with them. During a great political crisis, members hear with frequency and at length from their constituents. At these times

they are in no danger of making a mistake from lack of advice; for there is nothing to hinder a wrought-up constituent from posting a score of letters a day, containing suggestions to his member as to how he should answer when the clerk at the table calls for his vote. Ordinarily the frank is a valuable privilege; but at such times, when a member of Parliament finds his letterbox loaded every morning with instructions from his constituents, he is disposed to wish that franks were good only outward from Ottawa. Members of the provincial Parliaments do not enjoy the privilege of franking letters; but when the Parliaments are in session baskets are placed on the floor of the Chamber. Into these members throw their letters, and they are carried off and stamped at the expense of the provincial government.

apart for the Ottawa reporters are open to them all the week round. The library, the reading-room, the smoking-room, and the restaurant are all open to the Parliamentary journalists, and, with some trivial exceptions, they are as free of the Parliament House as any of the members.

The Parliamentary Day.

The Parliamentary day of an unofficial member of the House of Commons at Ottawa differs a little from that of members at Westminster—it is much longer. Most of the members have no houses in Ottawa. They stay at hotels and at boarding-houses; and, as a consequence, they deal with their correspondence and spend many of their social hours in the Parliament House.



THE PRIVY COUNCIL BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

It is, perhaps, owing to the volume of correspondence engendered of the frank, that members of the Dominion Parliament are so liberally supplied with stationery. There is an unlimited supply while Parliament is in session, and when members return to their constituencies a trunk full is sent with them for use at home. The Government finds all the stationery used by the representatives of the press, and when the reporters leave Ottawa at the end of the session, they also carry away with them neatly packed trunks containing all the requisites of an exquisitely fitted writing-desk. Indirectly the Parliamentary reporters also share in the privileges of the frank, and like the members of the House, they enjoy much free railway travelling. Their quarters in the House are as well furnished as a club; and, unlike the rooms of the reporters at Westminster, those set

The stream of members to Parliament Hill begins in the morning about half-past nine. As soon as they arrive, members receive their letters from the post-office, and go to their desks in the Chamber to read and answer them. As in the American Legislative Houses, each member has his own seat and desk in the Chamber, and his desk serves him as his private office while he is at Ottawa. He is at work at it when the House is not sitting; often when it is sitting and the debates are proceeding; and even on Sundays it is not an uncommon occurrence to find members busy at their desks in the Legislative Chamber. The Parliamentary Library is housed in the prettiest building in Canada. The shelving and galleries are so constructed as to form a score or more of alcoves. These are reserved for members of Parliament, and form inviting study

and writing rooms. Attractive as they are, they are not in so great request as might be expected, owing to the fact that each member has his own desk in the Chamber. The lawyer members, with their clerks and secretaries, avail themselves most freely of the privacy and quiet of the Library and its alcoves.

Committee work at Ottawa begins at half-past ten, and goes on until half-past one or two o'clock, when there is recess for lunch.

At three o'clock the House meets, and is in session until six o'clock. Then there is recess of two hours for dinner. At eight the House resumes, and as there is no fixed hour for adjournment, it often sits until well on in the morning.

During the session much official hospitality is dispensed at Ottawa. Twice a week the Governor-General entertains, at Rideau Hall, dinner parties of fifteen or twenty members. The members so entertained are drawn from both political parties. These invitations to the Governor-General's mansion are tendered to all members who take the trouble to place their names on the Rideau Hall lists. In addition to these dinners, in the course of each session the Governor-General usually gives two or three balls in the Senate Chamber. The Speaker also gives frequent dinners, to which members are invited without regard to their party affiliations. Members of the Cabinet also entertain; their guests are mostly drawn from the supporters of the Government. Two or three times during the session dinners are also given by the Leaders of the Opposition.

These dinners take place on days when Parliament is sitting. There is no mid-week free evening, as in London, and to meet the convenience of members who are thus dining, the evening recess from six to eight o'clock is prolonged in an ingenious Parliamentary fashion. The Speaker or the Deputy-Speaker is in the Chair again at eight o'clock; but the House, instead of resuming the debate, which has been broken in upon by the adjournment at six o'clock, busies itself with odds and ends, such as motions for returns, and the reading of non-contentious measures.

At Westminster some of these odds and ends are cleared away between twelve and one o'clock at night, after the adjournment of the debate. At Ottawa a quorum is made for this business at eight o'clock, and work of a routine character keeps the House engaged until it fills up with members in evening dress who have returned by street car from a dinner at Rideau Hall, or at the residence of a Cabinet Minister. Then the debate of the sitting is resumed, and goes on until the adjournment is agreed upon. In another particular, the House of Commons at Ottawa arranges its work in a fashion to suit the domestic conveniences of its members. Monday is a private members' day. By this arrangement members who are not interested in Monday's work, and who live within a night's journey of Ottawa, can spend Saturday, Sunday, and Monday at home, and be back at Ottawa for Tuesday, when the real work of the Parliamentary week begins.

THE NEW "NEW YORK."

NEXT year will witness a new departure in municipal administration in New York. By an Act of the Legislature passed in May, the city of Brooklyn has been amalgamated with the city of New York. Other smaller cities and towns on Long Island and on the Mainland of New York State, above the Harlem River, have also been brought within the municipal boundaries of the new city, and the total population of Greater New York is 3,000,000; while the area covered by the new municipality is 360 square miles. Over the whole of this territory the Mayor of New York will rule. There is to be a Municipal Council with a Lower and an Upper House; but exceedingly limited powers are conferred on the council, and the great responsibility of governing this large population is to be thrown on the mayor, who will be elected by a popular vote. The mayor is to appoint the Commissioners of Water Supply, of Street Cleaning, of Schools, of Prisons and Workhouses, and of other municipal departments, eighteen of them in all, and generally the Mayor of New York will exercise a power second in the United States only to that of the President. The first election under the new scheme of government takes place in November. The activities in

connection with the campaign have been going on since May, and the campaign is being watched with intense interest all over the United States; for Tammany Hall is making a tremendous effort to instal itself in possession of the city government, and of the great patronage which the new mayor will enjoy. For a generation prior to 1895 Tammany Hall was in undisputed possession of the New York municipal government. It was overthrown in the winter of 1894, owing to a terrible scandal in the police force. Since 1895, New York has had a better municipal government than at any time these fifty years, and a great fight is now being made to continue the government of the new city in the spirit in which the administration of the city government has been carried on since 1895, and to keep both the boss of Tammany Hall and the boss of the Republican party from getting the control of the municipality. Much hard work is being devoted by the Citizens' Union to this end, and the members of the Union are sanguine of success. If either of the bosses comes into power, it will be the boss of Tammany Hall, and if Tammany once entrenches itself in the city government under the new charter, it will not be possible to dislodge it for many years to come.

A TOUR OF THE BRITISH VOLCANOES.

A TOUR of the volcanoes of the British Isles is not yet a popular form of holiday-making in the autumn season, although there are signs that it will not be long delayed. The Mediterranean volcanoes, especially Etna and Vesuvius, are easily accessible to the personally conducted, and at present most of us prefer to see a "burning mountain" in foreign countries, rather than its multitudinous predecessors at home. It will not be the fault of Sir Archibald Geikie, our foremost prophet and interpreter of natural scenery, if the fashion should not speedily change, and our British-born volcanoes figure largely in the pages of Baedeker and Murray.

A fascinating and monumental work just issued from the pen of the distinguished writer we have mentioned, entitled "The Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain," will prepare the way for this new and romantic recreation. Sir Archibald is our foremost authority on the subject, and his book is the latest and greatest of his brilliant descriptions of the picturesque and scenic aspects of our British landscapes, and of the forces which formed them. Fortunately for his subject and his readers, our author is almost as notable as a man of letters and an artist as he is in science, and the tourist who has trusted him before, and learned from him the art of seeing Nature at first hand, will be more than delighted with these newest and most lucid descriptions of the picturesque, the grand, and the august in the chief volcanic centres of Britain.

It is difficult at first to picture our country as once and again the scene in almost every part of Nature's Reign of Terror—of lofty smoke-clad cones and craters, appalling fissures, floods of lava, and piles of volcanic ashes. Yet we may find these memorials existing around us in startling numbers, and often in unsuspected forms. So far from having vanished, and left not a wrack behind, the volcanoes of Britain are still around and beneath us, on the sea-coast and in the heart of the country, beneath our great cities, and in our most favourite holiday haunts. Clad in the soft raiment of tender grass or rougher heather, or rising into grim and bare towers and cones, spires and domes, mounds, aiguilles, and serrated crests, they remain as beacons and memorials of imperishable magnitude. Moreover, in most cases they mark the vulnerable sites in the earth's crust to which the volcanic forces persistently return. Generation after generation, they remain to be interviewed, ever ready to tell their eventful story.

We shall have no difficulty in being personally conducted by the most competent of guides on

a tour through the stupendous ruins of the British volcanoes. We shall see their outer aspect to-day, and penetrate their interior recesses. We shall note the chimney which leads down to the deep lava-reservoir below and up to the crater above. Our volcanoes present every stage of picturesque disguise, from bare pinnacles and serrated crests to grass-grown domes and bosses. We enter them at their base, or at their chimney, now blocked with cold lava, harmless bombs, and ashes. Some of them, like Snowdon, were submarine, and at the close of their active career were slowly lifted up thousands of feet skywards.

With such a programme, we may easily make up an enthusiastic party of tourists. Where shall we take train for the British volcanoes? Where shall we go and what shall we look for? will be the inquiry of the uninitiated. Our author's answer is as direct as a Murray or Baedeker, a Black or a Baddeley. It is in the heart of England, and close to some of our finest landscapes, that we may be introduced to the British volcanoes.

In central England, the Leicestershire volcanoes, amid the crags of Charnwood Forest, await us. In the heart of the Malvern Hills are the Worcestershire and Herefordshire volcanoes, the great central ridge loftily looming over the wide landscape. In picturesque Devonshire, amid the most placid and verdurous landscapes, as well as in Snowdonia; at Cader Idris, at Edinburgh, the Pentland Hills, and among the wonderful Western Isles, the successive volcanic ages have left memorials which astonish even the most hardened sightseer. In the Lake district of England, near Keswick, we shall find a stupendous volcanic accumulation of lava and ashes 8,000 feet in thickness. In Derbyshire, from the picturesque country of the Peak southwards, the sight of the "toadstones" will give us pause. What is now the heart of England was once dotted with volcanic vents from which the "toadstones" were ejected.

Some definite and detailed description of these startling and almost unknown aspects of British scenery may now be given. The intending tourist of the British volcanoes should, as we already intimated, not only be told where to look, but what to look for. The following particulars will aid him on his route.

Our British volcanoes, for the present quiescent, their function suspended, are often found in harmless, innocent, and even beneficent guise, and yet are the great dominating features of our landscapes. A closer look shows their huge bases and wide slopes to be still laden in

many cases with slag and clinkers, pumice and ash. But their craters have disappeared. Even their cones are worn down many thousands of feet, often beyond recognition. Yet we shall still find the volcanic piles of our British Etnas looming large against the sky. An immeasurably enormous bulk of time-worn igneous material still surrounds the greater volcanic centres which form our grander mountains, or stretch in vast plateaux along the horizon, or lie concealed for the time beneath our feet.

More striking still, the huge vents and chimneys of many of our old volcanoes still remain. These great pipes or funnels from below, blown violently through the earth's crust for the uprise and discharge of the lava and ashes, are still visible, some on the grandest scale. They range in width from a few feet to more than two miles. They are among the most startling and stupendous of the volcanic phenomena which the tourist will meet with.

To-day these great vents, cold and silent until they are again needed, are plugged with their own erupted material. We find them

the boles and broken trunks of the trees are left, and some are wholly buried in the ground.

This discovery of the actual vents or "necks" of the now quiescent, or, in some cases, semi-quiescent, British volcanoes is among the newer and more eventful results of research. The tourist will find it give a new interest to his travels. Probably no one has taken up the study with such ample results as Sir Archibald Geikie. We shall see in further detail how our guide leads us to the most important volcanic sites in Britain, where we can see some of the volcanic vents for ourselves.

We begin our tour at the extreme south-west of England. Surprising as it may seem, it is in Devonshire—picturesque Devonshire, with its placid landscapes, rich valleys, and ferny lanes—that the British volcanoes of the south first claim our attention. Yet memories of Dartmoor might perhaps prepare us for the sterner and more ruthless scenery congenial to volcanic districts. At Dartmoor the igneous rocks have burst up from below, and form the granite highlands the tourist knows so well.

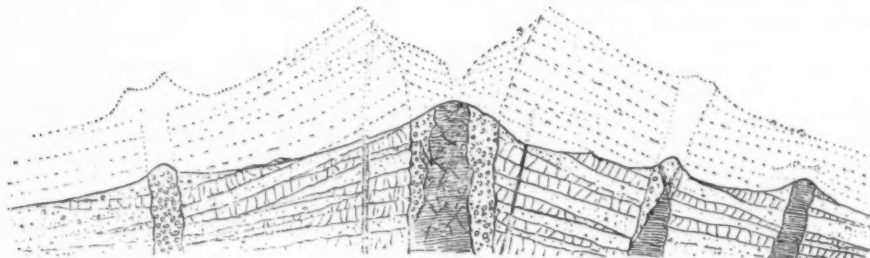


FIG. 1.—A RUINED BRITISH VOLCANO. VESUVIAN CONE TYPE.¹

The central vent or chimney, now plugged with cold lava, forms a hill in the landscape. To the right are two smaller vents, also plugged. To the left the vent is filled with disrupted stones. The vanished crater and the three craterlets and their piled-up ashes are indicated by the dotted restoration lines.

choked with lava, bombs, and huge fragments of rock disrupted from their chimney, or plugged with the column of the molten rock which finally solidified in them. As we look into them, we see, as it were, the last expiring effort of the volcano to expel from its throat the supplies sent up from the deep cauldron below. The great cone, and even the long and wide slopes of the volcano, may be worn down to their base in the course of ages, but the indestructible lava plug remains. We shall see in our northern volcanoes how it is found to-day standing up passive and belated in the wasted landscape. Thus it may continue to stand until a fresh disturbance below shall again clear the chimney, shoot forth the imbedded bombs and ashes to the clouds, and once more proceed to build up the cone.

Where one such volcanic vent meets the eye, hundreds more are hidden from sight. So thickly planted are they in southern and western Scotland, the crater and cone missing, and only the stump or base remaining, as to remind us of some primeval and decayed forest where only

The tors of this erupted granite reach a height of more than 2,000 feet. Moreover, the "Dartmoor volcano" has figured more than once in the lurid pages of the realistic novelist, and these upland wilds lend themselves well to the "fiery records" which are found there. But here a trained volcanist is needed as our guide if we are to discard the conjectural and learn the sober and not less stupendous facts. For Devonshire, the visitor will remember, is in parts a very old country, and we may see for ourselves how it has been weathered and wasted. Even its granite has crumbled into dust, scores of feet in thickness. The rocks were left wholly unprotected during the long Glacial period by a kindly covering of boulder clay.

An abundance of Devonshire volcanoes have left their vast outpourings on view. Scores if not hundreds of miles of lava and ashes, thrown out from numberless craters, as well as much deep-seated uprushing molten rock which could find no aerial vent, alike reward our attention. At the time of the oldest outbreak, there was no

¹ These illustrations are lent by Messrs. Macmillan.

great Devonian Etna to dominate the landscape; the discharges came from many smaller vents.

Among the later Devonshire volcanoes the famous Brent Tor, near Tavistock, at once challenges attention. A volcanic cone, 1,100 feet high, with a little church innocently perched on its summit, it looks at a distance like a flame rising from the earth. Every observant tourist will see in it a remarkably volcanic-looking hill, composed in part of material having every appearance of volcanic cinders. The working scientists of this part of Devonshire are engaged in tracing the successive bands of lava in the district to a central vent of discharge at Brent Tor. Its very name the "Burnt Tor" seems to warn us of the time when it may again "flame amazement" from its summit.

But it is in the third and last outbreak of the Devonshire volcanoes that the more striking memorials come before us. The pedestrian who can leisurely walk in the district of Kellerton, Belvedere (a few miles south-west of Exeter), Crediton, and Posbury Hill will not be disappointed. He will find an abundance of rocks that have been both boiled and baked in volcanoes. The slag and clinkers of the volcanic rocks are nowhere in Britain more remarkably developed than here. The rock at Knowle Farm, a few miles to the west of Crediton, is in part a mere spongy pumice, blocks of which would float in water. Amongst the showers of stones from the vent are pieces of "culm" grit, killas, and baked slate.

Yet the grander volcanic vents we are in search of will not be found in Devonshire. As far as this part of England is concerned, we shall have to be satisfied for the present with the enormous evidences of ejected molten rock, extending over hundreds of square miles. None of the vents of the later outbreak have yet been discovered; they still lie concealed along the old valley. Sir Archibald Geikie thinks they will most likely be found in the Tiverton district.

Moving from Devonshire to more central England, we make our way to the portentous Malvern volcano. As we approach Malvern from the east, the great volcanic ridge starts up suddenly and menacingly before us. In the twilight, the long range of lofty hills, with its skeletal outline, wears the intimidatory aspect congenial to its origin. In the pretty villas on the lower slopes, the well-to-do residents, invalids, and convalescents, are safely housed beneath its shadow, little recking that the vast natural wind-screen above them, more than nine miles in length, has been erupted from a great lava reservoir below. How the lava sheets have baked the rocks with which they came in contact we may see for ourselves on the far side of the ridge, in the Hollybush sandstone. In the cutting through the Wyche, not far from the Herefordshire Beacon, the texture of the vividly coloured rock is well seen. The volcano was larger than it looks, and has suffered immense waste. The vent

from which the vast mass was outpoured has not been discovered. But the Malvern volcano, surrounded although it is to-day by the most placid of landscapes, is the beacon of a great and probably permanent volcanic centre. It belongs to a wide and well-known tract of unstable ground, for it overlooks the recently disturbed valley of the Severn.

From the Malvern to the Charnwood volcano is another advance into the heart of England. In the midst of the rich plain of the Midlands, a wild country of peaks and crests, picturesque crags and pinnacles, starts up before us. Charnwood presents in miniature all the features of a mountain chain. An abundance of volcanic material is all around us, but, curiously enough, there is no lava. Showers of stones and huge blocks and dust continued to be thrown out by the volcano, and may be seen at Benscliffe and Rocliffe, but they never culminated in the actual outpouring of lava. At the highest point in the district, Burdon Hill, we find what looks like the plug in the stump of a volcanic cone, which perhaps is the nearest approach to a vent which is known. Yet, inferior as is Charnwood to the scenes which yet await us, it is one of the volcanic centres of England. Considering how frequently volcanoes repeat themselves, and that the Leicestershire volcanoes have resumed activity again and again after long periods of quiescence, we may leave Charnwood with a sense of its assured place in the volcanoes of the future.

We now turn our face to grander and loftier scenes than these. We leave the plains and modest hills of central England for North Wales, the classic land of the British volcanoes. In Wales the volcanoes are the makers and builders of the land. They contribute its ranges and groups of skyward peaks, its domes, crags, and aiguilles, and its fertile valleys, where the crumbled lavas nourish the pastures. Here we are almost intruders in the primitive homes and secret laboratories of the volcanoes. If we find ourselves awed and solemnised, as well as delighted, with the grand scenes at Penmaenmawr and Snowdon, at the Glyders, Y-foel-frâs, Moel Siabod, and Cader Idris, we need not regret it.

In Wales we may well expect to find volcanoes of the Vesuvian type. So far as the products of volcanoes are concerned, we shall not be disappointed. The piles of igneous rocks we find here would need a whole range of Etnas and Vesuviuses to account for them. At present we have only time to examine a single region, but this is the most grand and picturesque of all. It is dominated by the noble cone of Snowdon.

Here, then, if anywhere, says the tourist, we may expect to see not only the volcanic cones we have missed in the south, but the actual vents and crater walls. Are these dark caverns and llyns on the flanks of Snowdon the subsidiary vents around the central chimney? Surely Llyn Llydaw, as we look down into its depths from the col at Crib Goch, is one of them!

But our guide soon clears the air, and our mental haze is dispelled. Snowdon, if we will allow it, will explain itself. Its actual history is at once its explanation and its autobiography. The cone, the cwms, the llyns, and the rest—all that is picturesque, grand, or terrible—become grander in the cosmical simplicity of their history.

Snowdon, then, is not itself a volcano: it is the vast product and output of a volcano. We shall find no vent or crater at its summit, although the chief vent of the district, as we shall see, is not very far away. Snowdon is truly a cone in shape; but it has only taken this form in later years. It has no chimney or volcanic pipe within. It has been shaped into its present conical form by the weathering and waste to which it has been exposed since its far-away volcanic days. Separated now from its parent vents, it is none the less part of the immense output of lava and other volcanic material which stretches some thirty miles away. Since the days of the volcanic eruptions, the atmospheric forces have selected and isolated it, and made it in form what we see it to-day—at once a “cone of denudation,” and the most beautiful and picturesque mountain in Wales.

But what, then, of the volcanic vents themselves, and where are they? The answer is that at least four vents contributed to the lavas of Snowdon and this part of Carnarvonshire. We shall find the most important of them all at Y-foel-frâs, a lofty and rather inaccessible tract just north of Carnedd Llewellyn. Its plug remains there still. Indeed, there was probably more than one vent in this great boss of four miles diameter. Another of the main vents is the dome-shaped Mynydd-mawr, just west of the Snowdon ranges. Among the minor vents the smaller knobs west of Nant Francon should not be overlooked. The main Snowdon group of lavas, Mr. Harper thinks, results from the commingling and overlapping of flows poured out from all the volcanoes alike. These explanations of our greatest experts should be of the greatest value to the Snowdonian tourist of the future.

It is not surprising, then, that the Carnarvonshire group of volcanoes has left immense and imperishable memoirs. As Egypt is the gift of the Nile, so is North Wales the gift of the volcanoes. Their detritus forms the agricultural soil over thousands of square miles. Sir Archibald Geikie estimates the maximum thickness of the lavas at 6,000 or 8,000 feet. The pile is, of course, thickest round the vents of discharge.

Probably, the last discharges of the slowly expiring vents in the Snowdon region are seen in the thin layers of breccia among the slates close to the Llyn Peris Hotel at Llyn Padarn.

Lastly, before we leave Snowdon, we must not forget the all-important fact that the Carnarvonshire volcanoes were all submarine. None of the Snowdonian volcanoes are sub-aërial volcanoes. All these thousands of feet thickness of heaped-up lava and tuff, in their varied forms, now high above us on the sky-

line, were poured out upon the sea-bed of the period.

The evidence of this could hardly be more startling. We find it on the actual summit of Snowdon itself. At the very apex, near the well-known cairn, some 3,700 feet above sea level, we may pick out sea-shells from the old volcanic ashes. (Every tourist should select an *orthis* shell as a souvenir.) Not that the waters rose and covered the mountain: the contrary was the process. The sea-bed, after the volcanic material had been discharged into it, was gradually raised into dry land, until it reached the height where we find it to-day. Its subsequent history we have already noticed. Exposed to the wasting aerial forces for innumerable years, that part of the volcanic mass which we call Snowdon has been gradually shaped into a cone of denudation, cut off by valleys from its parent volcanic vents, yet bearing the memorials of its lowly origin at its peak.

Scotland has a world of volcanoes of its own. Who shall do justice to them, or even name them, in a *feuilleton*? Here, too, we are on classic ground, far richer and more varied in volcanic scenery, though not more beautiful, than Wales can show. New and stupendous phenomena present themselves, not to be seen elsewhere in Britain. The volcanic architecture takes on new aspects. On the western coast, we shall see tier upon tier of lofty columns, where Nature once began league upon league of Karnak temples and then left them unfinished. Here, too, are immense upflows of lavas differing entirely from those we have seen farther south. We may walk over Phlegrean fields 2,000 square miles in extent to study one class of volcanoes alone.

In this inexhaustible region, no guide-book for the general tourist can compare with Sir Archibald Geikie's fascinating and wonderfully illustrated “Scenery of Scotland.” Yet for our present purpose our author's newer work, devoted as it is to the stupendous volcanic scenery of his native land, far excels its predecessor. Never before have these aspects of Scottish scenery been so completely and picturesquely set before us. Never before have so many clues and helps been lavishly given for purposes of exploration.

A new kind of volcano is the greatest discovery in Scottish scenery in recent years. The Vesuvian type of volcano, a mountain with cone and crater, was formerly thought to be the only type. But Sir Archibald Geikie has discovered quite another type. The Vesuvian forms are certainly present in abundance, as we shall see, and are represented by volcanic piles more than 5,000 feet in height; these, therefore, were actually higher than Vesuvius. On the other hand, the newly discovered “fissure vents” would appear to have sent up lava on a far larger scale. These vents are hardly seen above ground. They are long and unfathomed openings in the ground sometimes miles in

depth, from which the liquid quietly wells up, with very little demonstration, and floods the country. Thus they are in complete contrast with the Vesuvian type of volcano, whose lofty cones belch out stones and lava in thunderous paroxysms. The fissure vents formed immense plateaux instead of cones.

When they are active they flood the country. Wide plains are covered up with a sea of lava, brought up from enormous depths. This molten material cools and hardens into a floor of rock hundreds or thousands of feet in thickness. The rivers have their channels filled up, and are driven to seek new courses across the lava fields. Fresh eruptions succeed, and the streams are compelled again to change their courses, each river bed being sealed up in lava. Such are some of the landscape transformations which we may trace in Western Scotland.

Scotland, too, introduces us to the enormous natural chimneys which are the most startling and convincing memorials of the volcanoes. To-day we find these vast ducts from the interior to the exterior of the earth not only standing amid the wilder natural scenery, but lying close to centres of population, and some-

nence has more than once opened as a volcanic vent, and that no one yet knows when the next visit hitherward of the migratory underground forces is due. For the present, it must suffice to the curious to know that the earth as a volcanic organism is still well alive, and that the forces below us have a persistent habit of returning to their old outlets. The same reflection will occur to us at the companion volcanic vent on Calton Hill.

In Scotland, too, we shall find the solid and indestructible lava-plugs in the chimneys of the volcanoes. Sometimes they are left standing up alone in the landscape; the belated memorials of bygone times. The lofty, tapering cone and its long clinker-laden slopes have gone, and are wholly wasted away; but the solid core in the chimney remains. A conspicuous example is seen where we should scarcely look for it. It is the well-known Bass Rock, at the entrance of the Firth of Forth. How many of us have often passed the familiar Bass Rock on the deck of a steamer, without penetrating its strange and romantic disguise! It is, as we have said, nothing but the belated plug of a volcano that has vanished. To-day the lofty tapering cone of this Scottish Vesuvius has

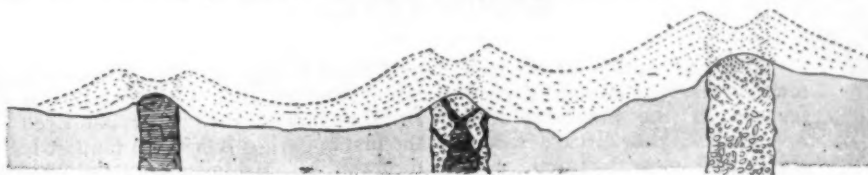


FIG. 2.—DIAGRAM SHOWING STRUCTURE AND WASTE OF SMALLER VENTS. PUYS OF SCOTLAND, ETC.

The whole of the cones and craters has here been swept away, and only the volcanic "neck" is in each case left. The vent to the right projects as a dome above the surrounding country. In the vent to the left hand, only lava occupies the orifice, representing the column of molten rock which solidified there and brought the activity of the little volcano to an end.

times directly below them. The tourist at Edinburgh has no excuse for not making their acquaintance.

In the lower ground of the southern suburbs he will find the great Braid Hill volcano—the greatest sight of the kind in Scotland. Here we suddenly come upon the margin of a huge volcanic mouth. Its breadth may well astonish us, and its contents will certify to its volcanic character. It measures at least two miles in diameter, and its total original area was at least four miles.

If we lift up our eyes to the Pentland horizon, we shall see that its output of lava and other material is commensurate with it. From this enormous vent, some, if not most, of the rocks of the Pentland Hills were ejected. We examine the contents of the chimney, and find it chiefly filled up with fine volcanic dust, derived from the explosions of the lava. On the outskirts of the main vent, some smaller "necks" may be observed; they mark the lateral eruptions on the flank of the great cone.

Returning to Edinburgh, the visitor will need no stimulus to visit the famous Arthur's Seat, a household word in Scottish volcanic lore. But he may be reminded that this favourite emi-

gone, and left nothing visible but the plug of its chimney behind; yet the wide base of this vanished volcano once overlapped the neighbouring mainland, and probably measured miles in circumference. Such is the romance of the Bass Rock.

On the cliffs of the picturesque western coast of Scotland the secrets of the volcanoes are still more startlingly revealed. Exposed to waves and breakers, the sea has invaded and dissected the plan of their formation, and revealed their inner structure in every stage of their history. We see each successive lava floor as it was laid down from the vent, and the gradual rise of the volcanic pile. Clinker-like lumps of slag often occur between each lava-sheet. Even the way in which the lava cooled is as obvious as on any modern *coulée*. From the Head of Ayr to Culzean Castle every successive flow of lava has been revealed by the dissecting action of the sea. In the mile and a half of beach between Turnberry Bay and Douglaston, we may count thirty sheets of lava, each a separate outflow from the vent. On the north of Berwickshire the chimneys as well as the lava are exposed on the cliff. Tourists should note that there are several near the picturesque St. Abb's Head. Half-a-

mile along the shore at Cordington, we shall find a large vent containing erupted blocks fully a yard in diameter. Should we find ourselves as far north as Shetland—now becoming a favourite health resort—we shall find at least three volcanic “necks” to the east of the Cam, marking the sites of vents or chimneys from which the lavas were discharged. The largest is now a hill 450 feet high. Lastly, on the beach near John O’Groat’s house we shall see a volcanic vent fully three hundred feet across, plugged with disrupted blocks at least three feet in diameter.

We have now taken, all too rapidly, a tour of some of the more accessible of the British volcanoes. Beginning in Devonshire, we have passed on to the Midland volcanoes of England, then to the volcanoes of North Wales, and finally to a few of the multitudinous types which abound in Scotland. It has been but “a passing glimpse of a wondrous show,” and

some of our party may complain of having been “rushed” on the route. There has been much that only an expert can fully understand. And yet, in these ruined volcanoes in Britain, the tourist will see more than he will see at Vesuvius. The live volcano speedily warns us off from its interior with stones, and steam, and fumes. In the extinct volcano, we enter the very chimney and funnel; we stand in the great duct leading from the lower to the upper world, we mark its plan and structure, and we pick out a harmless bomb to take home as a trophy and souvenir.

Sir Archibald Geikie’s epoch-making book is art and science and literature in one. With its four hundred illustrations and seven maps, it represents the costly yet loving labours of a lifetime. The enlightened tourist in the British Isles has no better friend in his travels than the Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland.

HENRY WALKER, F.G.S.

GROUSE-LAND.



WITH the advent of August few sportsmen escape grouse fever. As the immortal 12th approaches, the disease intensifies, and most fortunate possessors of a moor, or, in the case of less lucky individuals, of an invitation from a friend who indulges in the luxury, are speeding northwards to the breezy uplands and brown heath-clad wastes that constitute the home of the red grouse. Grouse shooting is the beginning of the year’s sport; it inaugurates the shooting season; it is the first legitimate occasion upon which the breech-loader can be brought into use since guns were carefully packed away with the close of partridge shooting at the end of January, or of wildfowling, a month later. Hence, perhaps, the mad, eager rush of sportsmen to join in the fray, to pull themselves together by undergoing probably as severe a course of training as any modern gunner can inflict upon his long-idle self, always providing, of course, that he follows his sport in a manly way.

Grouse-land, whether it be upon the Welsh or English moors, or upon the Irish or Scottish hills, is very similar in aspect everywhere; although, of course, the surrounding scenery varies considerably, according to locality. The very diversity of its physical aspects relieves it of all sense of monotony. What perhaps impress us most as we cross the breezy wastes are the boundless freedom, the utter absence of all restraint, the even eerie sense of loneliness, the absence of man and all his works, the overpowering presence and assertiveness of nature in some of her wildest aspects

and most savage moods. Grouse-land to-day represents all that is left to us of primeval Britain; indeed, the red grouse itself is one of the last lingering relics of a fauna which is only too rapidly vanishing before the exterminating forces of human enterprise. We may safely attribute the enduring primevalness of grouse-land to its sterile soil, its almost complete inaccessibility, and to the utter absence of any products of a commercial value. No eligible sites attract the jerry-builder; no mineral riches tempt the landowner to transfer his moorland inheritance to the company promoter; even the very soil is ungenerous and refuses to yield any adequate return to the agriculturist. True, some moors afford pasturage for numbers of sheep and hardy cattle during summer, but almost the only valuable product of these upland wastes is the grouse itself, and for long is it likely to remain so. Grouse shooting is yearly becoming a more costly luxury; shootings rise in value by leaps and bounds; the demand for really first-class moors exceeds the supply.

Grouse-land is composed exclusively of the moors of Ireland and Scotland, and of England and Wales, north and west of a line drawn between Bristol and the Humber. These moors are vast mountainous tracts, hills and valleys, alternating with wide, wind-swept plateaux, often intersected on the higher ground with narrow winding “grougs” or dykes, and with rock-strewn ground. Water is plentiful enough, as many a shooter knows to his own discomfort. The ground abounds in springs that either produce the dancing foam-becked streams (teeming with trout) which pour down

the valleys and gorges, or form the bogs and marshes on the wider plateaux where the spongy moss-clothed ground quakes and trembles to the tread. Where the peaty ground is not bare it is almost universally clothed with ling and various species of heath, except in the swamps, where a rank luxuriant growth of sedges (notably the white silky cotton-grass, *Eriophorum angustifolium*), coarse grass, and rushes flourishes; or amongst the rock boulders on the higher ground, where the bilberry and other mountain ground fruits grow. Trees are scarce on the actual moors. Here and there a mountain ash clings to the rocky hill-side; here and there a birch or an alder clump fringes the stream, or marks the swamps; whilst here and there an occasional whitethorn, matted and stunted by the winds and storms, dots the waste. The monotony of the expanse of heather is broken occasionally by a patch of gorse or bracken, of broom or bramble; but this vegetation is more a feature of the outlying districts than of the moors themselves.

Nothing, perhaps, can exceed the wild romantic beauty of these moorlands in autumn. Then their vast expanse, brown and forbidding during many months of the year, bursts out into a purple sea of bloom, variegated here and there by the golden gorse, or the bracken now assuming those rich tints that are the signs of its slow decay. Here, high up the hillsides on the warm August days, one can lie hidden amongst the heather by the hour together, listening to the wailing cries of the curlews and the plovers above the marshy spots on the plateaux behind us, dreaming away the hot sunny hours when walking over the heath and rocks is too great an effort for the languid southron in quest of health and rest; lazily watching the big masses of snow-white cloud drift steadily, like huge ships under sail, across the deep blue sky, or tracing their shadows as they creep across the purple hill-slopes and stream-pierced valley. Guns and grouse for the moment might never exist; the mere pleasure of living, and of breathing the exhilarating moorland air, laden with ozone from the distant sea, and heavily charged with the scent of heather and gorse—of listening to the constant murmur of the streamlet dancing over the rocks below, or the occasional cry of a startled bird—is all sufficient to gratify our senses and make us loth to break the spell of our perfect peace.

Refreshed by a contemplative hour and our rest among the ling, we rise now to explore still further the beauties of this upland paradise. Of roads there are few or none in grouse-land worthy of the name. Here and there a rough cart-track winds along the hill-sides or up the glens, used chiefly as a highway for carrying supplies to the keepers' secluded cottages, or for the game carts and luncheon ponies during the shooting season. Here and there a keeper's path, or it may be but a sheep-track, crosses the heather, and as often as not is lost where the ground becomes barer or coarse grass chokes

out the ling. These paths are precarious ways at best of times, and may only be followed with certainty by those whose daily life is spent upon the moors. Following the course of the stream is even more difficult still—an endless climb over big boulders of grit or granite, or a struggle through thickets of bramble and bracken, with here and there a black spongy swamp by way of variety.

The birds of the uplands are very much in evidence, resenting, as it were, the invasion of their lonely haunts by human intruders. Poor timid things! Within the next few weeks they will be startled beyond measure by the fierce fusillade of the grouse shooters, who will storm their mountain stronghold, and drive them hither and thither like refugees in the van of an advancing army. Here, there, and everywhere the plump brown grouse may be flushed from the purple heather, rising with rattling wings, and sturdily *go-bac-bac-bac-ing* as they go. Bonnie birds, they little dream of the fate in store for them, the murderous onslaught that this very morning inaugurates! The long-winged kestrel poises, quivering, above the grey rock pinnacles on the higher ridges; the golden plover and the ever wary curlew haunt the upper plateaux; the snipe, the lower and wetter ground; whilst on the borders of the moors in the fir and birch coppices a few black game dwell; here and there a thoroughly wild bred pheasant may be flushed from the lower valleys or wooded banks of the stream, whilst wild duck in plenty resort to the tarns, moving off at our approach with great splash and flutter. By the peat-stained stream, which looks more like London porter than anything else, the dippers flit from point to point before us, like little brown and white flecks of foam; less frequently a summer snipe is flushed from the sandy reaches, and hurries away with an anxious *weel* of alarm; whilst occasionally a big grey heron, surprised in his meditations on things piscatorial, rises sluggishly on broad lumbering wings to seek more secluded quarters. The long heather and ling is the home of the pretty little twite and meadow pipit; whilst on the hill-sides, especially those where the gorse flourishes, and the mountain ash and birch trees fringe the stream, the ring ouzel or moor blackbird chatters noisy defiance at our approach. They form a distinct and distinguished avifauna, these birds of the moorlands, in keeping with its solitude, and their wild notes harmonising with its brown, breezy wastes.

The question not only of ownership, but of the sporting privileges and rights of way over these vast unenclosed wastes is by no means a clear or a settled one; indeed, it is difficult to understand how vested interests can accrue and exist in them or the wild creatures that dwell upon them; for in many cases, from time immemorial, the public has had, or did have until recent years, absolutely unrestricted right of entrance. Not only so, but the red grouse (with its near relative the ptarmigan) is ab-

solutely the wildest of all our game birds—a species less dependent upon the protection of man than any other, and a bird which not only refuses to be propagated for sport like the pheasants that are reared by hand and turned out in thousands every year for wholesale slaughter, but one that could maintain itself without the slightest assistance from man, providing a close time during the breeding season

were strictly enforced, as is the case with the various species of grouse in Continental Europe and in North America—all of which are common property, the right to shoot them being in the hands of every citizen, provided he observes the laws wisely drawn up and enforced for their protection. It would be profoundly interesting to know how such absolutely wild birds as grouse have become the coveted monopoly of the few.

CHARLES DIXON.



BY LAW OF LOVE.

BY C. V. CHIPPENDALE.

I.

NOT far from the outskirts of Epping Forest are the noble house and grounds known by the name of Rudlows. Rudlows Park had once been the seat of the Earls of Ongar, but on the decay of that family it passed through the hands of various owners, until it became the property of Mr. Richard Farcroft, of the celebrated firm of solicitors, Farcroft, Bean & Somerville. It was indeed a beautiful place; the visitor who saw it for the first time knew not which to admire most, the spacious park with its majestic spreading beeches, or the view from the terrace, or the old Elizabethan mansion itself, with its massive chimneys and hooded windows, standing in all the glory of its mellow red against the green background of thick foliage. It had never looked more lovely than on this perfect July afternoon when our story opens. Old Mr. Farcroft—or, I suppose, we ought to say his daughter May—was giving a tennis-party. The young people round liked the tennis-parties at Rudlows: it was not one of those places where you were never sure of having a game; where, indeed, you might

carry your racket about all the afternoon and never get a chance of a set; there were three courts, and no one need be disappointed who had come to play. Of course a good many came to look on, to gossip, to drink tea or champagne-cup, to eat peaches, and to amuse themselves in other ways. Fat old Dowager Lady Stumpleton, for instance, and Sir Joshua Poseley, Alderman and M.P., and the gallant old General Marshall-Smith, now very gouty and half blind, and Mrs. Dantry, as deaf as a post, and about as amiable; and many more, halt, and lame, and withered.

But everybody enjoyed himself when there was tennis on at Rudlows, the young men especially. May was a great favourite. It would have astonished her if she could have heard all the epithets applied to her. To young Mr. Courtley, a subaltern in the 30th Lancers quartered at Hounslow, she was "a ripplin' fine gal"; to Eustace Delolme, the minor poet, she was "the paragon of womanhood"; Mr. Jervoise, of the Foreign Office, called her "divine"; while the vicar told all the parish what "a sweet creature" she was. Little Bibby, of H.M.S. *Slaughterer*, spoke of her

enthusiastically in all kinds of strange nautical terms, and Major Harkaway exhausted the sporting vocabulary in praise of her. In fact, to see her was to admire and to love her. Yet all her admirers, save one, were half angry with her for the choice she had made. She was engaged to the Rev. Reginald Grey, the curate of the parish, to the utter disgust of the score or so of aspiring youths who would have gone anywhere and done anything, through fire and water, to win her.

Reggie was at Rudlows on this particular afternoon, beaming with health and good spirits. Life was all *couleur de rose* for him; fortune seemed to smile on him as on no other man; he had everything in the world to make him happy. He was going to marry the dearest girl that lived, who, indeed, on her part, was devotedly fond of him. She was both beautiful and rich; there was no telling what wealth her father had, and she was his heiress; while her husband that was to be was by no means badly off. He was no "poor curate," struggling with ridiculously insufficient income to keep up social appearances, to subscribe to all the parochial institutions, and to help the sick and needy. He had an ample allowance from his widowed mother, which enabled him to do all these things, and to live in comfort, if not in luxury. The natural consequence of this was that the Bishop had offered him one of his best livings, acting on the principle, "To him that hath shall be given"; and because he did not stand in need of the income which the living brought in, it seemed to have been presented to him with all the greater alacrity.

And so the young people were to be married. Reggie was to take his bride to his new home when all the formalities had been completed which were to make him Rector of Goldingstone; and they would, there was no doubt, "live happy ever after." Old Mr. Farcroft was the more easily reconciled to parting with his daughter as he knew he should still have her near at hand; and he would have done anything and submitted to anything to ensure her happiness. He would perhaps have preferred May to marry a more distinguished member of society—a lord, or a baronet, or at least a city knight; but May's choice he left unfettered, and Reggie had won her heart. The relations between the Farcrofts and the Greys had become gradually more cordial and confidential; so much so that Reggie's mother had been naturally led to invest a considerable portion of her own fortune—the great bulk of it, in fact—in the securities recommended by Mr. Farcroft. She already loved the charming May as a daughter, and wept tears of joy as often as she thought how happy her darling boy was going to be.

The tennis-party gradually came to an end; the excitement of play, the bustle and chatter of the guests, the moving to and fro, subsided little by little, and Reggie and May were left alone in the sweet calm of the summer evening. They strolled gently hand in hand up and down

the smooth-shaven courts, on the turf softer than oriental carpet. It was but for a moment or two.

"You'll stay and dine with us this evening, Reggie, won't you?" said May; "we shall be all alone."

"I shall be only too charmed, madam!" said Reggie, with mock solemnity.

"I think papa wants to see you about the schools; at any rate, I told him I should ask you to stay. I wonder where he is. Papa! papa!" she called, in a clear, high voice, running across the lawn to the house.

Reggie followed with long strides.

"Don't bother him now, May," he said, as no sign was made from the house. "I'll just nip down to my diggings and get rid of these flannels. Come as far as the gate with me, there's a darling!"

"Nonsense, you silly boy! Make haste and change and come back, or you will be disgracefully late for dinner."

"Look, May, at the glorious west; look at those red and purple clouds; how grand they will seem as we pass through the lower wood and catch glimpses of their splendour through the trees," urged Reggie. "Beside, I've hardly seen you this afternoon; I've hardly had a word with you, and I have so much to say; and it won't take you long to come to the gate and back."

"So much to say and it won't take long! Ah, Reggie, something's at fault there—logic or something!"

"Never mind logic, only come!" persisted Reggie, with a lover's importunity.

"No!" laughed May, with a woman's waywardness.

Reggie hurried down the slope of the park to the gate, alone. He was half-vexed that May had turned a deaf ear to his entreaties. He had seen her now and again at intervals during the afternoon, but that was nothing. He longed to have a few quiet words of lovers' talk with her, he wanted to talk about the new home, to build castles—or rather episcopal palaces—in the air. The lower wood was such a romantic spot, with a broad green path winding in and out among the smooth-trunked beeches.

By the time he reached the gate all feeling of vexation was past. He had run through the wood, scarcely heeding the beauties of nature about which he had been so eloquent a few minutes before. All his energies were now bent on getting home and back again with the least possible delay.

Have you ever observed, courteous reader, that when you are most pressed for time, and are most anxious to do something quickly, there very often happens some untoward event to delay you? It was so with Reggie this evening.

When he reached his lodgings in the village, he found one of the churchwardens waiting to see him. Churchwardens are, without dispute,

a worthy body of men. One may well speculate with fear and trembling as to what would happen to Church and State if, as a class, they ceased to exist. Other dignitaries there are, both ornamental and useful, whom we might well dispense with; but the honest, solid, steadfast churchwarden we shall admire and cherish for all time. Having said this, we shall perhaps meet with less clamorous opposition when we go on to assert that they may occasionally—say once or twice in a lifetime—be tedious and prosy. It was a trivial matter upon which Mr. Bluff had called to see Reggie Grey; but Mr. Bluff could not have been more earnest and serious had the very existence of the Church depended upon his efforts. Poor Reggie was inwardly chafing, though outwardly calm and courteous as any well-bred gentleman.

At last Mr. Bluff rose to go, and Reggie was free to change and dress.

The sun was not far from setting when the curate retraced his steps on his way back to the house. He knew that he was rather late for dinner; but he was quite sure that he could count on being forgiven.

He knocked at the great door. One glance at the face of the footman who opened the door was enough to show him that something had happened in the house—something sudden, something serious.

"Why, what's the matter, Tripp?"

"Matter, sir? Matter enough!"

"Speak out, man!" cried Reggie, with a hoarse cry. "Where's Miss May? Is anything the matter with her?"

"There's nothing the matter really with *her*, sir, as far as I can make out; except, of course, she's dreadful upset about the master!"

"Tell me, tell me, Tripp!"

"Just afore the party was all over, and when nearly everybody was gone, a messenger of some sort, a clerk, or young fellow of that sort, comes with a letter from the City for master. It was bad news, sir: that's all I know—bad news of some sort; for we found master in his room, a-lying on the floor, lookin' for all the world just as if he was dead. We done what we could for him, sir; and Miss May, she sent at once for Dr. Sykes, and he's with him now. He's had a fit, sir; that's about it!"

"And Miss May, where's she?"

"She's been with the master all along; she's there still!"

What did it mean? Had the old gentleman merely fainted, and was this the usual exaggeration of servants? Had the fainting-fit coincided accidentally with the receipt of the mysterious letter, or was it the direct effect of it; and if so, what could this news be which had produced such a shock? Reggie could think of nothing likely to have happened so critical or so terribly momentous as to have utterly unhinged this astute man of business.

It was obviously out of the question to make

further inquiries of Tripp. He would see May herself, and hear from her own lips what had occurred and the whole secret of the trouble.

"Will you tell Miss May that I am here, and waiting to see her?"

"I am sorry to say, sir, that I can't do that," answered the man. "Dr. Sykes sent word downstairs that no one was to see either the master or the young lady."

"Nonsense, Tripp; she'll see me."

"The doctor said, 'Not even Mr. Reginald!' You'll excuse me saying so, sir, but I should advise you to wait a few minutes; the doctor can't be long now; he's bound to come downstairs in a minute or two, and you can hear what he says himself!"

Reggie judged it, after all, wiser to wait, although he was consumed with impatience. The old clock in the hall ticked away with sombre majesty; never did its measured strokes follow one another with such leaden sloth. Reggie paced up and down the spacious hall; then he flung himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands; then he looked out at the gathering clouds of evening. Would the doctor never come down?

About half an hour passed by—an age of suspense! At last the doctor appeared. Reggie rushed at him like a whirlwind, and poured out his questions in one long stream of excited volubility.

The good little doctor urged him to be quiet, and not give way to his excitement, for he had sad and serious news to give him.

"Come out into the open air," he said. "I will tell you what it is while they are putting my horse in."

The two went out into the calm, sultry evening air. Dr. Sykes was an old and valued friend of the Farcrofts. He had attended them for many years, ever since May's birth and poor Mrs. Farcroft's sad death; and perfect confidence was reposed in him. Reggie knew that he could count upon his honour and his friendship.

"My dear Reggie," he began, as they paced up and down the lawn, where an hour or two before the two lovers had snatched a few moments of sweet intercourse—"My dear Reggie, you're a good fellow, and a brave man to boot, so that when I tell you that there is bad news for you, I can trust you to hear it and bear it as a good Christian man should. The plain truth is, that the old-established firm of Farcroft & Co. has smashed."

"Where did you hear that?" cried Reggie.

"Listen, my boy. I saw the message which reached this house this evening. May, poor girl, handed it to me as she knelt sobbing beside her unconscious father's couch. The firm is bankrupt: nothing short of utter ruin stares them in the face. It was this news which, falling like a bolt from the blue, stunned the old man. He has had a seizure, the direct result of the sudden shock; his chance of recovery depends entirely upon his being kept

absolutely quiet. He is conscious now; but I have grave fears for him."

The doctor's cart, which had been brought round, was waiting for him.

"I must be off now, Reggie; let me drive you down to the village. No? Then you must promise me not to re-enter the house. May is herself in a dangerously excited state

awful truth that the sick man, who lay within, hovering between life and death, was no longer the owner. He would be sold up and turned adrift into a callous world. And May—The thought was too painful.

With a crushed and gloomy heart, Reggie returned by the way he had come. He passed



THE DOCTOR HAD SAD AND SERIOUS NEWS TO GIVE.

of body and mind, and as you value her love and her happiness, you will be guided by me."

Reggie nodded; he could say nothing. He let the doctor drive off alone, while he remained as though held fast by some fearful dream. Gradually the full meaning of what had occurred dawned across his mind. He looked up at the beautiful house, glimmering in ghostly outline in the twilight; he looked round at the trim lawn and the well-kept flower-beds; he felt the

poverty? If so, then his own private income was gone. Farcroft had fallen; the forest oak had been struck down, and the fowls of the air that had built in its branches were henceforth homeless.

As Reggie emerged from the wood, he saw how the many-coloured clouds of the west had massed together and grown black with thunder. The frequent lightning played around and above them, revealing in its momentary flashes fresh

through the lower wood, where night had already settled. There was night in his heart too. Messrs. Farcroft & Co. had failed. It was a thing no more to be expected than that the sun should fall from the noon-tide sky, or the everlasting hills should be moved. Bankruptcy and ruin! Pray God it might not be worse! He could not bring himself to believe seriously that May's father was a rogue and a swindler; that he had been fraudulently speculating with trust-moneys. Failed! ruined! the thought persisted. The father and daughter who had been accustomed to live in luxury reduced to beggary! Ah! A bitter pang shot through him as he thought of his mother, who had confided so much and so implicitly to Mr. Farcroft. Was her money lost? Was she overwhelmed in one common ruin with the rest of the too trustful clients? Was she reduced from easy circumstances to narrow

outlines of clouds behind clouds. The distant rumblings of approaching storm were heard now and again. The heavens themselves were in sympathy with his agitated spirit. A tempest of emotions raged within; resentment and sympathy; anger and pity; fear and hope. Yet, above all and more powerful than all, was his love for May. At least there was a home ready for her as his wife, a comfortable home in his new rectory. Love must triumph; love would make all amends.

And then, like a note of discord in the sweet harmony of such thoughts, sounded the strong echo of the last word May had said to him. The laughter which accompanied it had died away, and there rung in his ear, like the distant clang of the passing-bell, just the one word—*No!*

II.

MR. FARCROFT lay in a precarious condition. The doctor feared the worst.

Reggie had been up to the house to inquire for him, and also to see May; but May was not to be seen. Meanwhile Mrs. Grey had heard the terrible news. She was distraught with misery; she had lost a large sum of money, and was now a poor widow with, perhaps, just enough to live on. She had written to Reggie to come down to Brighton to see her and talk over the position; but he, anxious as he was to be of help to his mother, and to do what he could to console her and make arrangements for her future, was yet held fast chained as by a magnet to Rudlows. One day followed another and yet May gave no sign, and Reggie could stay no longer. It would have been utterly heartless to have turned a deaf ear to his mother's renewed entreaties. She had pointed out that his future, no less than her own, was involved in whatever measures they were to take.

On the evening that Reggie reached Brighton he received a letter from May. It seemed as if she had been waiting for him to leave the place to tell him what she had to say. What she wrote was brief and to the point. Marriage, she said, with her father lying on his death-bed, was a thought not to be borne. She understood the situation of affairs clearly. She was no longer an heiress, but a poor girl. The misfortune which had overwhelmed her father and her had brought misery to others, to Reggie and his mother. He had prospects and a career; she could not consent, after what had happened, to be his wife. She could never forget that it was her father who had brought ruin upon Mrs. Grey, and brought her from affluence to dependence upon her son; and it would be better, far better, to part. They had loved; they had been happy; but it was in a life that could never return. Let him remember it, if he cared to, as a sweet dream; it could never be anything else. She had only one last word for him, that God would bless him in his work among the poor and needy; and so, good-bye!

The next day Mr. Farcroft died.

"Adversity," says Lord Bacon, "doth best discover virtue." It was so with Reggie. One blow had fallen after another, and as he felt the accumulated weight of sorrows, it forced upon him the consciousness that he had been leading a light, frivolous, worldly life; and that he, God's minister, had more concerned himself with worldly amusements and the pleasing of himself than with the stern realities of life, and the simple, noble duties of his high office. He awoke from his vision of gaiety to find himself a poor man—for he dismissed at once all thought of the pleasant and profitable sinecure of Goldingstone. How could he live there in affluence and dignified idleness while the girl who was to have been his wife was without a home? He knew May well: he knew that she had made up her mind to part from him; and his only hope was that she would not make that parting final and irrevocable. He would be a poor man, as she was a poor woman, and woo her and win her again. For love of God, Whose scourges were blessings in disguise, and for love of her, he would work in the slums, among the poorest of the poor; and then he would go back to her and tell her how the loss of his money could be no reproach to her: that, even if she persisted in identifying herself with her father's unhappy ruin, and in the sensitive delicacy of her nature would continue to regard herself as in some remote degree a cause of the Greys' loss, yet she had inspired him with new aims.

The day of the funeral came. Reggie came up from Brighton to attend it. He should at least see May once again, speak to her again. What words he should say he knew not; but the thought of parting without one look, one word, one touch of hand or lip, was agony to him.

The old man was laid to rest under the shadow of the little church. Few were present now who had been his friends in the days of his prosperity. He had been ruined; it was spoken of as a disreputable bankruptcy; and of the many who had eaten at his table and drunk his champagne in the old days hardly one came to pay his dead body the conventional respect that might be regarded as its due. His relatives were few, and they mostly in South Africa; the only near relative he had was his sister, a widow, Mrs. Lawson by name. She, although she had had a long-standing quarrel with her brother, and had not met him for years, had come to Rudlows as soon as the news of her brother's seizure had reached her; and there she intended to remain until she had settled her brother's affairs, and saved what she could for May out of the general wreck.

It was a day of storm and tempest. From early dawn the rain had fallen, and as the day wore on it only increased in quantity and vehemence. It was an impossible day for a lady to venture out and stand by a graveside. Yet would May have braved the storm had her

aunt not forbidden her with affectionate peremptoriness. Mrs. Lawson was now smitten with remorse that she had allowed her temper or her dignity to keep her estranged from her niece for so long, and she was all the more eager now to make amends, and to show every kindness to May. She was a woman of impetuous nature, and easily swayed by slight circumstances when the humour caught her; so that she flew from one extreme to another with very little sense of inconsistency. She was wayward and capricious in the extreme. Just now she was overwhelming May with every kindness. She had determined that May should come home with her to St. Hilary, the beautiful cathedral city where she lived, and be a daughter to her. Mrs. Lawson was the widow of Colonel Lawson, C.B., and was very well off; no doubt she, too, would have been ruined by the failure of Messrs. Farcroft & Co. had she been on friendly terms with her brother; but, as it was, what money she had was invested elsewhere. May acquiesced without further thought in her aunt's proposal. Her life was blighted, its sunshine and happiness gone; what mattered it where she lived? In her sorrow and despair she hardly expressed ordinary gratitude to her aunt; she hardly realised, in fact, that she was a penniless orphan, thrown upon the world, and rescued from want and misery by the kindness of her aunt. Life seemed such a blank to her now her father was gone; now all that remained of him on earth was at rest in the quiet churchyard.

The rainy day ended in a fine evening. The sun, which had been hidden behind thick banks of clouds, at last showed its face in the west. May made up her mind to steal down to her father's grave. She must see where they had laid him. She felt she could not sleep that night until she had paid a visit to that hallowed spot.

The poor girl was standing by the fresh mound of earth, which told its own tale. Here lay all that remained on earth of the father who had loved and humoured and idolised her, and who had been struck down in a moment. The blinding tears fell hot and fast from her eyes; her heart was, oh, so heavy; she felt that it would be good to die, and lie at rest near the father who had held her so dear. So she stood motionless, heedless of the world and of all that was passing. Suddenly she was aroused from her stupor of grief by one word.

"May!" cried a gentle, well-known voice.

I was Reggie.

She looked at him, almost as though she had forgotten him, and he were a stranger. Then she gave him her hand. She could say nothing.

"May, sweetheart! Speak to me, May!"

"Reggie!" she said—and she spoke slowly and with effort—"Reggie—for I must call you by the old name, and we will be friends—but, it is all over for you and me!"

"All over, May! Why, it is only just

beginning! I loved you in the sunny days of prosperity; but I love you more than ever now, sweet. I can be so much more to you, now; I can work for you, darling; and you shall be my star in heaven to steer by. We are both poor, but——"

"No, Reggie!" and she would have drawn her hand from his, "it cannot be! How is it that we are both poor? How is it that your mother has lost so much, and you too? What does the world say? It says Mr. Farcroft ruined you, that he ruined hundreds of clients; that he was dishonest, a rogue of a lawyer——"

"Sh! May!" interrupted Reggie.

"Ah! but I know. But you, Reggie—you and your mother—you do not believe *this* about poor papa; or do you? It is too dreadful!" And the poor girl broke into sobs.

Reggie's arm stole gently round her waist, and he drew her away from the graveside, and down the avenue of yews to the old lych-gate. There they sat, as in the old, glad days.

"Let us not talk of that, dearest," he said. "The world may say what it will, but it will not shake my love for you."

"But I must talk of it. It is a foul falsehood. Poor papa left too much to the junior partner—to the vile man who, to shield himself, blackens papa's name and fame."

"I know, darling."

"But your mother—the world—all those we know—what are they saying?"

"It is all nothing to me what others say or think. My mother had the most perfect confidence in him, and that confidence still survives this rude shock. She speaks of him, in her loss, as sinned against, not sinning. But let us not speak of the past. There is a future before us, dear!"

"Ah, Reggie, it cannot be!"

"It must be: it shall be," he said, with an earnestness that was almost fierce. "I can only live in your love and for your happiness. I am poor, it is true—so much the better; we will be poor together: nor yet so very poor, dearest."

"I cannot think of it; I cannot go to Goldingstone, for the world to point its cynical finger at me and say, 'See there the daughter of a ruined man! She has done well enough for herself, after all: she has married the man who was one of her father's victims, and lives in luxury still.'"

"May, May, what disordered notions are these? Your dear little soul is soured by the gossip of bitter, spiteful people. Listen to me! Goldingstone is not mine; I have declined it."

"Reggie!"

"It is true. I am going to London. I am going to the East End, to work in the slums. My life hitherto has been all too worldly; I had forgotten my vocation. But this blow has recalled me to right thoughts of life and work. My mother has yet enough to live upon, though in a more straitened way. Her old age will not be so devoid of comforts. A year or two will soon pass; prospects will open out for me;

and we shall yet be to each other all that I had dreamt so fondly of in the happy days gone by."

May was silent. Never had Reggie seemed to her so noble, so good. For a moment she wavered. Reggie saw it. He went on:

"On this saddest of sad days I cannot say half of what I would; nor do I want to wring from you promises that will not be freely given. But, May—May, sweetheart—we cannot be strangers quite. We have not quarrelled, you know; there has come between us nothing that need really shake our love; why, then, should we keep apart, and cease to be what we have been. Let me write to you, May, won't you?"

There was a wonderful charm in that rich, soft baritone of Reggie's. It would indeed seem unnecessarily harsh to refuse what was asked so gently and so persuasively. Besides, in her heart she was yearning towards him. She could not fail to see how he had sacrificed an easy, comfortable career to prove his love for her: that he might, as he thought, meet her on equal terms. Everything he had done seemed to her now to have been done to show her the strength of his love.

"Reggie, you are very good; believe me, I honour you for what you have done." Poor Reggie felt that he was not quite entitled to such praise, but it was nevertheless sweet to his ears. "I cannot, after all, refuse you this. I am going to auntie's at St. Hilary very soon; she is so kind to me that I shall almost be happy again under her roof. I shall like to know how you are getting on, and whether you are well, and——"

Reggie interrupted her. He said nothing; he only prevented her from going on. How he did it I will not attempt to describe, but his action effectually closed her lips.

Once again they were almost the old lovers. In the presence of Reggie, with him once again close at her side, as she wended her way back to the old home, which was soon to be left for ever, she forgot for a moment the miseries and sorrows that had fallen so thick around and between them. The old spell was upon her; the old love was supreme in her heart. This man had been true to her, and would, she knew, be true and fast through all.

They stood to take a last farewell on the top of the hill overlooking the little village which nestled below, bathed in the evening sunlight.

"We are friends, May?"

"Of course, Reggie!"

"Something sweeter and closer than friends?"

"Yes, dear!"

And only the twittering swallows in their swirling flight, and the great eye of the sun, saw the sequel of that dear avowal. Poor May's heart was overcharged. The strain of all that had happened: the sudden grief, the taxing of body and spirit in anxious watching, the loss of her dear father, the sense of disgrace, of tar-

nished name and fame, of utter loneliness, had told upon her. The point of utmost tension had been passed; the cord had snapped. The woe-begone girl threw her head on Reggie's shoulder and clasped both arms round his neck, and wept as if she were a child. Reggie held his peace. Her sorrow was too sacred a thing to be profaned with words. Nor did he wish to speak; the situation might be prolonged indefinitely if he had to determine it. He felt at this moment that he was what he had never before been to May. He was her knight, her hero. It was worth something to feel that. As he clasped the weeping girl to him, he began to think that he had been premature and rather Quixotic in giving up Goldingstone. Perhaps even now it would not be too late; perhaps the bishop had not yet given it away; there might still be the chance of recalling his resignation. The thought fermented within him. A vision of domestic bliss unfolded before him. He saw himself Rector of Goldingstone, and May the mistress of the rectory; he saw a happy, luxurious home, a life free from pressing anxieties, a life blessed with the constant companionship of this dear girl, who would never know any sorrow or trouble, who would no longer be dependent upon the caprices of an erratic and odd-tempered aunt, and who would take her place, her proper and natural place, in the society of the world.

May's crying fit came to an end. She looked up into Reggie's face with a calm and trustful smile. Reggie began to take heart to broach the subject of Goldingstone. He had it on the tip of his tongue to ask her: Should he withdraw his resignation? Would she come with him? Would she be his wife, and forget for ever the old cruel scandals and the old sorrows in the peaceful rectory?

May saved him from making that mistake.

"Go, Reggie, dear!" she said, with quiet earnestness. "You will work for my sake among the poor and the sorrowful. You will know how to carry sympathy to those whose hearts are aching, and who need the word of comfort and help."

Reggie's temptation was at an end. His momentary vacillation was gone.

"We must part now, dear," she went on, "but we shall meet again soon. I will tell you how I get on at St. Hilary; and you will write to me of all your work, and tell me——"

"But I must see you, darling, sometimes."

"You shall, of course. We shall meet, and I shall hear all. Good-bye! good-bye!"

The lovers parted as lovers always have parted from the beginning of the world.

Even when they had said good-bye for the last time, Reggie could not take his eyes off the retreating figure of the girl he loved. Poor Reggie! he little knew what should happen before he saw her again; he little knew, he little dreamt, when and where again her eyes would look into his.

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

BY ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



NO SOONER HAD AMBROSE TAKEN HIS SEAT TO BE SHAVED THAN A PARTY OF SOLDIERS CLOSED ROUND.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE AWAKENING.¹

THE inclemency of the weather in a measure made good the inclemency of the law in the case of Ambrose Gwinett. The crowd that had braved wind, storm, and rain to see

¹ It has struck me that it may not be superfluous to say, in a footnote here, that, strong as seems to be the demand made on the credulity of the reader in this chapter and those immediately following it, there is nothing detailed in them that is not vouched for in a reliable quarter.

him hanged at Deal was not minded to trudge over three miles of road in torrents of rain to see him gibbeted in an adjacent hamlet, and the village-folk about showed no great disposition to quit the shelter of their cottages. Here and there one defied the weather and approached the gibbet, the road to which was past the Horse-Shoe Inn; but the number of these was so small that the gentleman with the white hair, who mounted guard at the door of the Horse-shoe Inn, found that his purse held abundantly

the wherewithal to induce them to retrace their steps.

The wind and rain seemed to distress this gentleman as little as they distressed the lad gibbeted. A cloth was tied over the face of the latter. The strong wind played with this cloth, and with the rags stuffed into the hoops. Heavy and cold with rain, they flapped against the boy's body and face, as if trying to beat the life back, and they did beat the life back; proof, this, if yet proof never had been, that they say well who say "strong as life."

Ambrose came to himself as from a sleep, and saw with astonishment that he was not in front of Master Murlin's inn at Deal, with sheriff and officers, and a gaping crowd about him, but at one corner of a field where his sister's cows were, and where a lad came to drive them home for the evening milking. The creatures, which were feeding almost under the gibbet, brought the cow-boy near it. He looked up, and saw Ambrose open his eyes and move his lips. Without waiting to note more, he ran away—a credible tradition has it—"roaring."

No one will learn with surprise that a story so strange as that which he brought to the Horseshoe Inn did not meet with large belief. With the exception of Susan, no one gave the faintest credence to the boy's assertion that Ambrose had opened his eyes and moved his lips. Susan at once gave directions for a ladder to be got, and, accompanied by her husband and the attorney, set out to look at her brother.

It was still raining, but a sudden marked change had taken place in the weather. A vivid sun was now shining through the rain, making of every water-drop a diamond in air. The wind had blown the clouds about, and the sky was a bright blue where it was not a dull black. Across it was a perfect bow. This thing was commented on by all of the party later; it was not commented on by any of them at the time. They walked on in haste and silence, and were soon beneath the gibbet. It needed not the testimony of eyes to convince Susan that Ambrose was still alive, for his groans were now very audible. The man who had carried the ladder propped it against the gibbet and ran up it.

"Put thy hand to the lad's stomach, and say if his heart still beat," James Sawyer called from below.

The groans in no way satisfied James Sawyer that Ambrose was alive. He held, as many did two hundred years ago, and as a few do still, that groans may proceed from the unpeopled air.

The man on the ladder obeyed his direction, and expressed himself to the effect that the lad's heart beat strongly. Every effort was forthwith made to free Ambrose from his position, but the task was one of such difficulty that it was decided to cut down the gibbet. A saw had to be got for this purpose, and mean-

while Ambrose became insensible again. He was still unconscious when, the frame having been lowered, the irons were taken from him. The attorney took his hand, and could not feel any pulse; he then laid his hand on his heart, and could not feel the least motion.

"Stay!"—he addressed himself to Susan—"I perceive a rattling in his throat; his pulse rises slowly. 'Tis small, but 'tis distinct."

He put Susan's hand on the boy's heart, and added, "What say you now? There is here light beating, and he breathes gently. Look you here, Master Sawyer."

Master Sawyer looked, and confessed himself "astonished to the last degree, confounded and puzzled." Among them they then carried the lad home, and, according to the usage of the time, got him bled and put into a warm bed. Some half-dozen persons had been immediately active in the measures so far taken, and, the Horseshoe Inn at this time sheltering the principal officers of a privateer with their servants, and the servants of the house, the number of persons holding knowledge of all these proceedings was not much under twenty. Of these, not one turned informer.

Early the next day it was known for miles round that the gibbet was cut down. The explanation was not far to seek. To everyone it was clear that this had been done by Ambrose's relations to hide their shame by burying the body.

James Sawyer was summoned before the Mayor of Deal, and plied with questions and cross-questions, intending to draw from him information as to where he had buried the lad. He stoutly maintained that he had not buried him, nor aided in his burying, and there the matter ended. His worship, a widespread opinion had it, would have made more stir had he felt quite sure of the lad's having been guilty of "the fact" (by "the fact" you are to understand *the crime*) for which he had suffered. Thus was given to Ambrose Gwinett the benefit of the doubt—after execution. His worship, it is reasonable to conclude, knew of Halifax law.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE TOUR OF PLEASURE.

IT was agreed by the friends of Ambrose Gwinett that, howbeit he had survived two hangings, and might, with more show of reason than most persons, consider himself possessed of a charmed life, he would nevertheless show what is—proverbially—the better part of valour in quitting the country in which he was still by some regarded as the murderer of Richard Collings, and in which he might at any time be brought again to face the terrors of the law. Under these circumstances it was fortunate for Ambrose that there were harboured, at his brother-in-law's inn, those privateer officers, and that their ship was preparing for a cruise, and just at this time was ready to sail. Susan spoke for him with the captain. This is precisely what Susan said:

"I promise, sir, if you will take my brother

on board with you, to provide him with proper necessities, and to give him ten guineas in his pocket."

"And then?" the captain queried.

"Then, sir, I will recommend him to the protection of God and his worthy commander."

The worthy commander smiled a little and asked further:

"In what light, Mistress Sawyer, would you that I receive the young man?"

Susan reflected that the young man had been an attorney's apprentice, and had some skill with his head, and much skill with his pen.

"An't please you, sir," she answered, "in the light of your clerk."

This answer perplexed the sea-captain a little, and he gave it some moments' consideration; then he said:

"Mean you as a sort of under-assistant to my purser?"

Susan was now as much at a loss to understand the sea-captain, as he a moment before had been to understand her. She pondered the possible drift of this question; then, satisfied that the post offered was one demanding clerkly rather than sailorly ability, said:

"I do mean so, sir. He has"—her voice swelled a little with combined excitement and sisterly pride—"much skill in penmanship, even the ornamental parts, flourished figures, pencilled knots, and sprigged letters;—he has a peculiar genius for these."

While Susan thus magniloquently set forth her brother's accomplishments, which were of a kind held in high esteem in days in which calligraphy was termed a polite art, the commander walked up and down the room with a rocking motion, the result of an impression, which never left him in a room, that he was on shipboard. His face the while wore the look of thoughtfulness which is given when the mouth is shaped to a whistle, and no whistle come from it. Manifestly he was turning over in his mind whether or not he should fall in with a proposition which had taken him somewhat by surprise. A purser was a necessary functionary on board ship, but an under-assistant to his purser in the form of this young man with the peculiar genius was a thing totally in excess of the needful. Nevertheless, he decided to fall in with Susan's proposition, and, without stopping in his walk, notified his intention of taking the young man. He did so very gruffly, for his heart softened towards the white-browed, young-eyed woman who spoke with a swelling voice for Ambrose Gwinett, and it was a habit with him, as it still is with many of his country, to keep as a very close secret between himself and the high angels the fact that his heart ever softened.

Some fourteen hours after this, Ambrose was sailing away from England, and the next six months were spent by him on a cruise which had for a time indifferent success. The ship

then found itself on the coast of Florida. This coast was in the hands of the Spaniards, and a squadron of Spanish men-of-war having made short work with the English privateer, captain and men were taken prisoners into the harbour.

Ambrose had been a prisoner before, but not a prisoner of war, and he had formed an opinion that such a prisoner would be treated with more leniency than a man arrested for crime. As matters turned out, he was treated with great courtesy. It fell to his lot to be put in the charge of a Spanish officer of the type that is usually described as of the old courtly school. This person treated the young English civilian with a courtesy so marked as to raise high expectations. In fact, Ambrose hoped to be employed by the soldier in his clerkly capacity, as, in his clerkly capacity, he had been employed by the sailor. Before long he found himself in a coach with the Spaniard, the benignity of whose face encouraged him to speak on a subject which began to arouse his curiosity.

"Pray you, sir," he said, "where are we going?"

"Not far, sir," was answered. "'Tis a tour of pleasure. Does not the prospect please you?"

Ambrose looked about him. He was in that flowerland called Florida, and would have been hard to please in the matter of prospects if that now before his eyes had failed to please him. The town was left behind, and he was being driven through what was veritably a garden-path, for all this land was a garden.

"This should please one from an island where flowers are not plentiful," the Spaniard said.

Ambrose Gwinett visibly bridled. "Flowers are good," he replied, with the sententiousness of his age, "but they are not the best thing. This the sheep and kine know. My land, instead of flowers, is covered with fine grass. This affords pasture for innumerable herds."

Having given this Abrahamic picture of England, Ambrose Gwinett eyed the flowerland about him with the sour look which one can imagine to have been that of a "certain Renard gascon," immortalised by Lafontaine. Some moments later, the feeling uppermost in him became surprise, and he said to his companion:

"It seems to me the road we drive, sir, is not so much frequented as any of the other roads."

The officer was sitting back in the coach where he could not command a view of the road. He did not shift his posture as he said:

"It may well be so, sir." For a time they drove on in silence; then Ambrose spoke again. He had quite recovered his temper, and his voice had the fine crispness which was natural to it.

"What, sir," he said, "is that most large, noble building which looks to me like an old stately castle?"

As he spoke, he looked with frank astonishment at an edifice well calculated to surprise anyone unacquainted with the ancient cities of the new world and their architectural wonders.

The Spaniard let his gaze follow that of the Englishman, and, with it fixed upon the large noble building in question, said:

"We stop here, sir. You will make the better acquaintance of this place."

A youth less ingenuous than Ambrose Gwinett might at this stage of the dialogue have divined what he did not divine till much later. At this point, nothing suspecting, he alighted with the Spaniard from the coach, and found himself before a building which ran in a kind of semicircle, and the leading features of which did not fail to strike him.

"This, sir," he said, indulging his curious vein of loquacity, "is very grand, clean, and handsome."

The Spaniard wore the expression which says, "I'm glad you like it." They were now in a court which was large and spacious, and which Ambrose eyed with admiration as he observed:

"I think, sir, several coaches might stand here or drive round without encumbering each other."

"'Tis like enough, sir," came the answer.

Ambrose glanced back at the coach, which had been quitted by him and his companion, at the outer gate, which was now closed.

"Have you not such gates in England, sir?" the Spaniard said, for the first time asking a question.

Ambrose looked at the gate. It was a superb piece of wrought iron.

"We have, sir," he replied, "before the country houses of the first noblemen." He paused, and appeared to listen. No sound was heard anywhere. "Is this, sir," he asked, "a convent or the palace of some archbishop?"

"Here comes one that can tell you," the officer said, indicating with a glance a man with dead-black hair and dead-black eyes, and a singularly lugubrious expression of countenance, who approached them. The young Englishman smiled, and said, without lowering his voice—it would seem that Englishmen of all times have been possessed of the idea that a knowledge of English belongs to the few, instead of, as is manifestly the case, to the many:

"His face is answer enough, sir. The gravity of it assures me that this is a religious house."

The grave person alluded to waited with a rigid face for directions from the officer, who gave them in the language of Ambrose, and to the following effect:

"Take this Englishman around, and show him the place."

Having thus intimated to Ambrose Gwinett, whose clerkliness did not consist in a wide knowledge of the living languages, that he need not break Spanish on the wheel with a view to conversing with his guide, the officer quitted the couple. On the subsequent tour of investi-

gation Ambrose very soon came to modify his conviction that the place was a religious house. His companion led him through a piazza to another gateway, then took out of his pocket two large keys with which he unlocked the gates. Having passed under them with Ambrose, he immediately locked them again. Within the gates there were sentinels under arms, with bayonets screwed at the tops of their firelocks, and, at some little distance from them, several soldiers before a guard-room. Besides these men, there were a number of others who looked half starved. Ambrose was not slow in asking for the explanation of all this, and learnt from his guide, who spoke passably well the English of the period, that these were disorderly people, among them many gentlemen of fortune that had lived genteelly. The young Englishman wore a perplexed expression, and, without further comment, followed his guide to a large door at the entrance to another building. They then went together up spacious stone stairs leading to a gallery. Ambrose was agreeably struck by the airiness and cleanliness of the place. A certain grandeur about it also impressed him forcibly, and he was scarcely prepared to be led through what was merely a neat kitchen to a little room which opened into a smaller one. These rooms were poorly, while decently, furnished as living room and bedroom.

"I beg you will sit down here, sir," the Spaniard said, and, Ambrose having seated himself, closed the door.

"Pray," Ambrose asked, "what place is this?"

"This is a prison, sir," was answered.

Thus had Ambrose Gwinett travelled half the world over, to escape being put into an English prison, with the result that, on first setting foot on land, he found himself put into a Spanish prison.

For some moments he sat motionless and silent.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE CAPTIVE.

THE torpor and silence into which the announcement as to his whereabouts at first threw Ambrose Gwinett did not last long. He then asked of his companion if he, a young English civilian, who had used no arms against Spain, and who, as a matter of fact, had never learned to use arms, was to consider himself as liable to be held in captivity by Spaniards. On receiving a brief answer in the affirmative, he started indignantly to his feet. The Spaniard said nothing, but glanced in the direction of his window, which commanded a view of the courtyard with its array of sentinels and soldiers. Ambrose sat down again, his face still expressing almost as much surprise as wrath—a thing, this, from the standpoint of to-day, somewhat incomprehensible in a person belonging to an inimical race, and with eyes to have drawn his own conclusions for some hours past.

"What is your office?" he said to his captor.

"I am captain of the prison," was answered. Ambrose rose and bowed.

"You have a good many prisoners, I presume?" he said, as he sat down again.

The captain of the prison allowed the correctness of this presumption, and of Ambrose's further presumptions that he had a good many men and officers under him, and that no person whatever would go from the prison without his permission. Ambrose lapsed into silence for a time; then he said jauntily:

"You may judge how my heart begins to flutter, sir, from an imagination that I am captured fast. Will you put me in a particular dress, sir?"

"We will put you in the habit of the house," was answered. At this moment a lad appeared with food, which he put before the Englishman. Ambrose looked at the knife, which was of wood. He did not comment on it, but said, in the same light tone which he had used before:

"I suppose, sir, I shall not soon be going hence?"

"Not very soon, sir," was the grim reply, followed, after a silence, by the question, which was accompanied by a glance at the food before the Englishman:

"Have you enough, sir?"

Ambrose looked at the plate, which was not overloaded, and answered with characteristic intrepidity:

"More than needs, sir, though, sooth, I might put in my eye what is there, and see never the worse."

This strong figure two hundred years ago had not yet become disreputable. The Spanish captain, a man of high culture, meditated on its raciness for a moment, then said:

"There is enough to stay your stomach, sir, and, howbeit meat without mirth be little to your liking, pray you, eat. The food is good."

"I doubt it not," Ambrose answered; "but when the appetite has fled, all is chip."

He put the dish from him, as he added, with perhaps a slightest tremor in his voice:

"My appetite is fled, I thank you."

The Spanish captain nodded with the expression which indicates that a certain thing has been seen before. This case of the loss of appetite, on the part of persons newly captured, he had very often seen before.

"Where am I to lie, sir?" Ambrose asked, with a further shade less of vivacity in his manner. It was early yet to concern himself with the thought as to where he was to pass the night.

"There is a place a-preparing for you," was answered, and, soon after, Ambrose was led to this place. It was of tiny dimensions, allowing room for a little bedstead, a little table, and one chair, there being beyond these about four or five feet of space for the prisoner to stand in or walk to the window for air, which came through heavy iron bars.

"How like you this, sir?" the captain of the prison asked.

"Faith, sir, I like it little," the Englishman said proudly.

The Spaniard looked a trifle vexed, and more than a trifle taken aback. This was, it would seem, because it was then, as it is, some say, still, a common idea with Spaniards, that pride is by rights the monopoly of men of their race.

"You would like it mightily well," he said, "an' I gave you a peep of some dungeons that are here, two-and-twenty feet underground, where the captives are in chains."

Ambrose rather unwisely hazarded a smile, as he answered:

"I' faith, sir, at that depth I should have thought they were as safe as dead men buried. You trouble yourself too much to chain them."

"Think you so?" The Spaniard retained his deep gravity, and the trembling in his voice was not from suppressed laughter. "You have a fine mercurial wit, young man."

The compliment was not made in a manner which rendered it advisable to meet it with a pleased bow, or with any of the deprecatory speeches usually employed upon these occasions. Ambrose walked over to his window and stood at it. He expected to hear the door close on his companion, but this expectation was not realised. That person stood in the doorway for the space of two minutes—a time, under given circumstances, very long. To Ambrose it seemed æons, and he turned round, and said:

"Why stay you, sir?"

"To take you to the barber's."

"I thank you, sir." Ambrose was almost unable to hold back a laugh. His head-hair had recently been clipped, and his face was almost as smooth as a girl's. He asked if shaving in his case could be considered needful.

He was informed that it was so, this leading him to ask further:

"Shave you here all?"

"No," was answered. "There is one in a nether dungeon here who is grown over entirely with white locks, his features not to be distinguished but by putting back his hair, and scarce then human."

"Cry you mercy!"

With this ejaculation, Ambrose followed the warden, who led him to a room, in the middle of which there was a chair, behind which a barber stood in readiness. On this chair Ambrose was directed to take his seat, and had no sooner done so than a party of soldiers, with weapons loaded and screwed bayonets pointed towards him, closed round it. The excess of the needful showed in all this vividly struck the young Kentishman, who addressed the warden on the subject, saying with mock solicitude:

"Sir, does not this confound the barber?"

The answer was crushing.

"No, sir. *Quiet, sir!*"

Ambrose was conscious of being restless, and said, in explanation of his lack of repose:

"I am like to die of laughter, sir."

So little is wit the monopoly of England,

that the Spaniard met this remark with an epigram:

"You will," he said, "soon to be like to die of an execution, sir."

Ambrose had been twice executed, and had survived the operation just that number of times, but he made no boast, and reined his laughter back. With skull clean shaven he returned to his cell. With time came evening, and before it deepened into night, he flung himself upon his bed, determined to seek forgetfulness in sleep. How little he succeeded in doing so he ingenuously informed the warden next morning in answer to that person's question as to how he had slept.

"I thank you, sir," was Ambrose's answer, "I passed a tedious night without sleep. The guards, or watchmen, who seem very numerous, ceased not from one quarter of an hour to another to knock at all doors, and no sooner had this dreadful knocking finished at one end of the prison than it began at the other, and so continued all night, as it seemed to me, sir."

The person to whom this information was given received it with a gratified expression, which said, "Our orders are obeyed."

The Englishman fell into reverie, from which, however, he was quickly roused to full wakefulness by the Spaniard's saying:

"It were better for you, young man, you had not ventured so far abroad. England is a good land."

"Verily, it is," was answered by the Englishman—"tis a happy land, with a happy people, under a happy monarch, a land where humanity is known and salutary laws."

The Spaniard listened quite as scornfully to this eloquent eulogium of England by Ambrose Gwinett, as if he had been aware—which he was not—that Ambrose Gwinett had been hanged and gibbeted under circumstances of extraordinary brutality in this land of salutary laws and distinguished humanity. "*No hay tal madre como la que pare*," he said drily, and, seeing from the young Englishman's face that he was not understood, added a literal translation of this, the Spanish form of the proverb, "No mother like our own," saying further, with what must be regarded as portentous condescension in view of the quarter to which the praise is due:

"This was well ordered that every man affections his own country."

The Englishman's eyes caught light, and he asked eagerly, using what was the Queen's English when Queen Anne was queen:

"Was you ever in England, sir?"

"Ay, was I," was the answer; and the Spaniard's face made it evident that he was in thought going over an experience which many have made in England. "It is a country drenched in clouds," he said.

"It rains there—sometimes," Ambrose admitted. He had seen his country last in an overflowing rain, and at his heart knew it to be one where, with strange rains, hails, and showers, men are persecuted. There lived not

in those days, however, and there lives not in these days, the man who would have drawn from Ambrose Gwinett a fuller confession concerning his country viewed from the meteorological point than the one made in the words, "It rains there—sometimes." "Saw you nothing in England, sir, but rain?" he ventured to ask, and added, with a burst of enthusiasm: "Saw you not the big, beany horses, and the —" he paused.

"Big, beautiful women," the Spaniard suggested. "Ay, these I saw."

The young Englishman, who had not been thinking of the big, beautiful women, lapsed into reverie. His face was a very boyish one, and to the world-worn man seemed very unspotted from the world. The sadness in the young blue eyes was that of one taking retrospect.

"Now are you in England," the Spaniard said.

The answer came after a moment, in a voice that was manifestly strained:

"I was so, sir. I was in my imagination in my home in a clear day in the morning, when every bird is singing 'Get up!' to slug-a-beds. I was got up and gone abroad and caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose. Sure a sweeter fragrance is not!"

CHAPTER XIX.—THE PROPOSITION.

IN the years which covered Ambrose's captivity in Florida, there was no season in which his thoughts did not turn with love and longing to England, but there was one season in which he felt more keenly than in any other his exile. In autumn his home rose up before him with peculiar vividness. This may have been because in autumn Kent wears its most characteristic look, or it may have been because he had last been there in autumn. Be that as it will, with the strong imagination of the homesick, he would, with every return of September, see the dark walls of his little cell no more, but, in their stead, bright, pretty Canterbury. He would pass out of the old cathedral town to the road which led to Deal, and would tread his way along the apple-orchards and the hop-gardens to the shining sea. Once more he would catch sight of the ships in Deal harbour, and be listening to the news of Malplaquet, that famous battle fought and won in the last September which he had known in England. Once more he would be in Deal market on Fair Day, and would see there gentles and simples examining grain and handling pigs; would see the children at their games, and the women and girls in their finery. He would see once more the rows of booths with their tempting superscriptions, and hear once more the noise of that world that went like hey-go-mad. He would once more go in search of a lodging for the night, and find it at the sign of the Nag's Head.

Every incident marking the earlier part of

his sojourn at the Nag's Head would come back to Ambrose. He would sit again on that stone, and see in the flood of light that came from the house a young girl making cheeses, each cheese bringing her nearer to him, till she said, "Who art thou?" He would sit again by the fireside, and see her burning paper to the words, "There goes the parson." He would see her yawn—wide! showing more or less of eight-and-twenty shining little teeth. He would see the pretty redness in her lip, and the dimple in her chin. Here his imaginations made a halt. Having recalled all that was pleasant in his past, he recalled nothing more. His memory was a room hung with pictures, but only with beautiful ones. The case is perhaps not without precedent. Who can suppose that Joseph in his captivity in Egypt, in the long hours in which he was left to brood on his home in Mesopotamia, saw other than the pleasant fields which he had gone out to see on that fateful day which was to be his last under his father's roof-tree? Who can imagine that he saw again the pit into which he had been thrown? If his memories of home had included that, how could there have been the tear-burst with which he revealed himself to his brothers?

In what follows it will be seen that there was much that was analogous between the case of Ambrose and of that Israelitish exile of three thousand years before. In fact, the coincidences are so striking, that it shall be repeated here, for the satisfaction of those who are unaware that the human situation has yet to be discovered which has not its parallel in the Bible, that this chapter contains nothing but the truth as left on record by Ambrose Gwinnett himself.

When three years had been spent within prison-walls by the young Englishman, he was informed that a transport was in readiness to take him and his compatriots, made captive with him, to Pennsylvania, and thence to England. Then, for the first time, did his mental visions of home call up before Ambrose a vision of a sheriff; then for the first time did he hear again that alarming speech, "You are the Queen's prisoner!" Recalling it, and recalling what had followed upon it, the homesickness that had possessed him wholly while thick dungeon walls had stood between him and the outer world passed from him.

The full explanation of this revulsion of feeling is not far to seek. The time had not yet come in Ambrose's country when the penalty exacted for an offence should purge the offence, the offender becoming again a free man. On the contrary, howbeit he had been subjected to the severest punishment known in his country, he was on his return to it likely to become again the Queen's prisoner upon the same charge, and, even if not proceeded against by the law, would be in the invidious position of one outside the protection of the law.

In other words, the extraordinary circumstances by which Ambrose had escaped with

his life after execution left him, at best, in the position of a man condemned to death, and whose sentence had been commuted; the significant appellation given to such a man in the days of the monarchy so generously extolled by Ambrose being "the Queen's serf."

It was pleasure and pride to Ambrose Gwinnett to be the Queen's subject, but grief and shame filled him at the thought of becoming the Queen's serf. Hence the very pardonable reluctance which seized him to go on board that transport.

"You obtain thus liberty. What solicit you more?" the captain of the prison said to him, in some surprise.

"I solicit to be left behind," Ambrose replied gloomily.

"That favour you will obtain," was answered gravely, as the Spaniard eyed the lodging which, at no great cost to the Spanish government, had for three years past been put at the disposal of the Englishman, who had not at the outset seemed enamoured of it.

Ambrose noticed the glance, and read its meaning aright, this leading him to say, with a frank dauntlessness which was a leading feature in his character, that he liked his dungeon now full as little as he had ever liked it. He said this in Spanish, though he habitually spoke English with the master of the prison, who had a perfect knowledge of this language, and who, having listened in surprise and perplexity to Ambrose's mangling of his speech, said with polite diffidence, "Why, sir, speak you not English?"

Ambrose had had his own good reason for speaking Spanish, and now, speaking again in his own language, said, in a tone which was perhaps not primarily diffident, "I would have you see, sir, that I am become a tolerable master of the Spanish."

A sense of humour was not the leading characteristic of the Spaniard, else he might have smiled at this. As it was, his face remained unchanged, except that, perhaps, the perplexity in it increased very slightly. He waited for the young Englishman to speak again, and he did not wait long. "I possess, sir, passable abilities," Ambrose said quietly, "and in my country I served an apprenticeship to the law, which we think to sharpen the natural wit."

The Spaniard slightly lifted his brows. "It may well be," he said. "'Tis a profession where a man, a goose, a bee, and a calf work together."

"How mean you that, sir?" Ambrose asked, with some heat.

"I mean that in no other way than this," was answered coolly, "that from the calf comes the parchment, from the bee comes the wax, from the goose comes the quill, and from—"

"Pray you, sir, break not off there," Ambrose said, as the captain broke off there.

"Sure, sir," was the answer to this, "you must know what comes from the man, who

have in this profession sharpened your natural wit."

Poor Ambrose, who in the past had confessed that he could never meet at hard edge with his father, did not now hide from himself that he could not meet at hard edge with the Spanish captain. Such was his native frankness that he did not hide this fact from the latter.

"I am dashed into confusion, sir," he said simply; "'tis plain you think the law no honest calling. If Mr. Roberts was here he would give you wit for wit of the genteel sort, and you should see in him a person who has studied the law and is most honest."

"This, sir, I see in you," the Spaniard said, with a gravity which left no doubt of his sincerity.

"I thank you, sir," the young Englishman replied, and added, with a boyishness which in days not of Queen Anne would be accounted girlishness, "you make my cheeks to glow with blushes."

The Spaniard looked with no misliking at the flushed, happy face which made good this speech of Ambrose Gwinnett; then he said pointedly:

"Did not those circumstances which you have told me of yourself, young man, carry an immediate regard to a proposition which you would make?"

"They did so, sir," Ambrose answered, without hesitation. "The proposition is that you would take me into your house, and procure me a salary from the governor for being your deputy."

The captain of the prison looked as amazed at this suggestion as if it involved a proceeding heretofore unheard of in the world's history, and it is likely enough that his familiarity with the Bible was not such as to enable him to compare it with the very similar case of the young man, an Hebrew, set up over all the land of Egypt, with Pharaoh only over him.

Ambrose, meanwhile, waited patiently for the Spaniard's astonishment to subside. It would be scarce possible for two men, more different one from the other than these two, to have stood before one another. The Spaniard was of medium height, with a skin by little fairer than an African's. His handsome face was stern and sad and secret, and the lean hand, which he habitually held over his mouth when listening—the wise artifice of those who have discovered that the mouth will not be controlled when all else will be controlled—was delicate as a woman's. Age had lined his cheeks, and here and there silvered his black hair. The Englishman, on the contrary, was in the flush of his youth, and as goodly a specimen of twenty-year-old manhood as even England produces. With a figure tall and strong, he had shining eyes of unmistakable blue, and shining hair of equally unmistakable gold. The shears had not busied themselves with his hair for some little time past—this to his great surprise—and the result was a rich growth of clustering curls on his head, and a very passable moustache.

There was nothing of weird or wonderful in his face, which was round and ruddy, with an indestructible cheerfulness of expression, culminating in the open, honest eyes. The Spaniard, who had liked the young fellow heartily from the beginning, being attracted to him as the night-hawk is to the flame, because of its brightness, felt what had been surprise pass into a different feeling. Howbeit he only said coldly:

"The office you seek is by no means agreeable. This coast is infested with pirates, the most desperate gang of villains, and scarcely a month passes but one or other of their vessels falls into the governor's hands."

"The crew is then put under your care, is it not, sir?" Ambrose interposed.

The captain of the prison nodded in the affirmative.

"I doubt not, sir," the young Englishman continued, "you have narrowly escaped being knocked on the head by one of those ruffians, and having the keys taken from you?"

Again a nod affirmative.

"'Tis like enough you have been shot at also," Ambrose continued his shrewd surmises. "How did the persons suffer, sir, for their contempt?"

"He that let off the carbine," the master of the prison answered—this was his first assent to Ambrose's suggestion that he had been shot at—"was put to the torture to confess his act, and afterward broke on the wheel, where he was left to expire—a more shocking spectacle than I doubt you ever beheld."

"I' faith—" the Englishman began, and paused.

The Spaniard requested him to proceed.

"My thought, sir," Ambrose said candidly, "was that he suffered a little too cruelly, and I thanked God to have had the good fortune to be born an Englishman."

The Spaniard took his hand from his mouth, on which a bright smile played.

"You are a man that speaks the truth, sir," he said admiringly. "This determines me to give you the office you seek. We here break on the wheel those who seek to hurt us. What do you in England?"

What we in England do to those who seek to hurt us—or, rather, what in the early eighteenth century we did in England to those who sought to hurt us—was set forth in somewhat rosy colours by the young Kentishman, who was in the unique position of being able to speak on this matter from the standpoint of one who in his own person had experienced capital punishment in England.

The Spaniard, with his hand across his mouth, listened with a face which kept its counsel to Ambrose's patriotic discourse. Then he said:

"I will describe to you an execution which I saw have place in England."

He forthwith did so. The description was rather long, but apparently did not pall on Ambrose Gwinnett, who listened to it with an

interest so marked as to evoke the surprised question :

"Saw you never an execution, sir?"

"Never, sir, but once," Ambrose answered, and, his natural truthfulness asserting itself, he added: "All then was as you say. The hangman asked my——" (he corrected himself quickly) "the poor soul's pardon, and wiped his mouth and pleaded his duty, and then calmly tucked up the lad, who was afterward gibbeted."

The Spaniard nodded slowly. He was apparently trying to discover wherein consisted the large clemency here exhibited.

Ambrose diffidently asked of him to vouchsafe an answer to his proposal. The answer was given, and half-an-hour later the young Englishman, who had heretofore been captive, found himself installed deputy-captain of the prison.

CHAPTER XX.—THE ALE-STAKE.

THE three years that had effected such great changes in the lot of Ambrose Gwinett had not failed to work some changes in the lives of those whom he had left behind him in his Kentish home. To one possessed of no more than ordinary vision it might seem that the Canterbury dealer whose house bore the sign of the blue anchor held on the even tenor of his way, as little moved by the events of that autumn month which had robbed him of daughter and son as the anchor which was his house-mark was moved by the winds which blew the leaves from the neighbouring trees. Ambrose Gwinett the elder, though but little past the prime of life, had long amassed a sufficient fortune to keep him to a ripe old age, and there were not wanting some who saw in the fact of his carrying on his business after the hard blows dealt to him a clear indication that he meant to marry again, and rear a second family to inherit his wealth. The lone man received large pity, and there was many a Canterbury dame of a heart so kind that she would have thrown in her lot with him. Of these, one—a dame of much integrity and worth, and some maturity of years, to describe her in the idiom of her neighbours—had availed herself of the privilege which was then, as it is now, accorded only to ladies at leap year. Her overture had met with but a cold reception, and Master Gwinett had shut himself up more churlishly than before.

Meanwhile, by an odd paradox, the father of Susan and Ambrose, while taking no steps towards bridging the gulf which he, to a large extent, had put between his children and himself, thought of little else but them. Aware, as he was, that his son had made good his escape from England, he sought in no way to discover the lad's whereabouts, howbeit he would trudge more than once weekly to Deal, and, taking up his stand in the gloaming on the harbour, would, with eyes which had come to wear the look of one in watchings often,

gaze out to sea from the point whence the privateer had sailed with Ambrose. On these occasions he would find that the longest way round was the shortest way home, and, lengthening his journey by twice three miles, would take his way home past the field which skirted the Horseshoe Inn. On moonlight nights a woman would stand at the inn door, with a child in her arms and a child at her feet, and her tears would fall on their shining heads, because she knew of the stiff-necked old man who had forbidden her his house, and who from the field's other side stole looks at her as she stood in her husband's doorway. A time came when she bade the child at her feet run towards that old man, but the little girl, when half-way across the field, fled back to her.

Motherhood had not lessened the high beauty in Susan's face, and all that James Sawyer knew of happiness was now and again a lifting up of his heart as he looked into the face of his wife. Three years had worked more havoc with his youth than was any way meet. They had not whitened his hair as the anguish of a few hours had whitened that of Mr. George Roberts—his hair was still bright brown; but they had lined his forehead and dimmed his eyes; they had taken the pride from his carriage and the lightness from his step. This man of thirty-six years would sit for hours in moody, heartstruck silence at his inn door, under which there might pass in a week not a customer except the young white-haired attorney from Canterbury, whom a weekly ride brought to the Horseshoe Inn beyond Deal, always with that same answer to James Sawyer's question, "What is your wish, sir?" "It is to know how your wife does."

This information obtained from the innkeeper, the white-haired gentleman rarely made a longer stay than sufficed to quaff, without alighting from his horse's back, a glass of Dame Sawyer's gooseberry wine, which at no far date from this time bade fair to become as famous as at a later day became the gooseberry wine of Madam Primrose, and which her little daughter, the two-year-old, could now, with her mother's aid, carry out to their friend, footing it gravely with small steps and the goblet held in two careful hands till the white-haired gentleman took it, smiling from his horse at the lifted baby, and, as he quaffed the gooseberry nectar, saying with a bow to the baby's mother, "I drink toward your good health, Susan," a compliment which Susan returned as meet, saying, with action suited to the word:

"I curtsey toward your good health, Mr. Roberts."

The person who could paint Susan as she curtseyed towards Mr. Roberts' good health would paint a picture which would be worth the having. Susan was pretty, and Susan was graceful, and then—to hide no part of the truth—the grace and prettiness of Susan were greatly heightened by the charming dress which

she wore, and which, howbeit it was nothing more than the everyday dress of a commoner's wife of the period, consisted of a white low-necked bodice worn under red stays, slightly open at the front, so that a whiteness gleamed between the lacing, matching that which went round the top of the bodice, for with this low-necked dress was worn the species of tucker which was prettily named "a modesty piece." The sleeves, which were merely a puff at the shoulder, were kept in place by a red sleeve-knot, and a red knot in the white cap carried on this arrangement of colour, which, however, did not prevail throughout the dress, for, while Susan from head to waist was clad in red and white, she was clad in brown and yellow from waist to feet; that is to say, her brief, full skirt was brown, and with it was worn a yellow apron, this colour-combination being carried on in her shoes, which were brown with yellow heels. For the rest, just enough of white stockings showed to make a pleasing repetition of the colour in the modesty-piece.

Certain it is that a woman of average good looks would take some prettiness from a dress so pretty. When it is remembered that Susan had, as Mr. Roberts, using no hyperbole, averred, one or other the sweetest face in the world, it may be imagined how she would look as she made that fine curtsy which she could make. Mr. Roberts would only wait till she had made it, and then would canter away, usually with a remark on the weather. His favourite remark was—

"Rain somewhere!"

Now that had a heart of sadness in it, and Susan was well pleased when she could answer—

"Here only clouds, Mr. Roberts."

Susan was of a habit so cheerful that it was with profound surprise that Mr. Roberts one day—the day was one some month after that upon which Ambrose was liberated in Florida—found, not James Sawyer sitting forlornly in the porch of the Horseshoe Inn, but his wife. She had lifted her face at the sound of his horse's hoofs. He had not seen it so sad since that day upon which he had comforted her when it had been past her husband's wit to stop her weeping. Not that she was now weeping. Her eyes were dry and hot.

"How do your children, Susan?" the gentleman on horseback asked.

"Oh, they do well, Mr. Roberts," was answered absently.

"How does your husband?"

"Ill! Ill!" was said with a moan.

"What ails he, Susan?"

"I know not, unless it be that his heart is broke, Mr. Roberts. His heart is broke."

The horseman alighted, and tied his beast to a stake. Then he stood in the porch, saying nothing. A party of riders went by. One looked at the inn, and drew rein. The man behind him said something in his ear, and he grimaced and rode on. A pedestrian came along, and halted before the house, then quickened speed towards Deal.

The gentleman within the porch was not slow to draw his conclusions. The place was evidently shunned. He remembered the time when, in other hands, it had been known as a "well-accustomed" house, when the door of it had been seldom to be seen, so great had been the number of people under the tree before it. He tried to conceal what he felt, the more that he was conscious that Susan was looking at him. Her voice broke the silence.

"So do they all, Mr. Roberts," she said. "No one will deal with us, no one will acquaint with us. The drawer is gone this morning to get another service."

Mr. Roberts found no word to answer, and dared not look into Susan's face. She placed herself before him, and said passionately:

"My wish is that you help me, Mr. Roberts!"

"What would you that I should do, Susan?" he asked.

She drew his attention to a heap of tools that she had brought together.

"I would that you take down that ale-stake." This was said with hand pointed to a pole with a bush fixed to its top, the sign of her husband's calling. "There is none here will do it for me. They are cowards all."

Mr. Roberts was no coward, but he did not jump to obey this command of James Sawyer's wife. To cut down from a man's house-front the sign of his calling, even at the bidding of his wife, was to do a thing not only more daring than any he had yet done, but more daring than any that in his boldest flights he had yet imagined. His face expressed a deep embarrassment.

Susan, now with hands clasped, waited for this look to pass, and, noting that it only became intensified, took a hammer and dealt a ringing blow at the pole.

The odd selection of a tool surprised Mr. Roberts more than it might have surprised a man having larger acquaintance with women, who, as a rule, are not seen at their most discriminating in the use of tools. The blow, it is perhaps needless to say, did not send the pole over, but the strong vibration caused by it very nearly tumbled Dame Susan. Mr. Roberts took the hammer from her, and gravely indicated the saw as the implement more suited for the purpose in view. Susan took it, and gave it to him.

It is in simple actions like this that women perhaps are seen at their greatest. Finding the saw thus quietly placed in his hand, Mr. Roberts surrendered unconditionally, and in another moment was sawing away at the base of the pole, while Susan steadied it. The work of sawing it through was done in time, and, with a quick, skilful movement, the novitiate sawyer prevented the weight of it from falling upon the hands that steadied it. In another moment it lay along the ground. He of the saw gazed at it dolefully, but Susan's face expressed high satisfaction. She lifted one end of it, and made plain to her companion that he

was to lift the other. He did so, still with deep misgiving in his looks, and followed where she led.

In ten minutes they were by the sea. A strong throw, and the sign of the Horseshoe Inn was in the water—flotsam. Susan, with a return of her girlhood's gaiety, threw up her hands and laughed. Her companion wore the ruefullest look in the world. If the whole truth is to be told of good brave George Roberts, he felt for the space of one second that it would not be quite the worst thing in the world to be flotsam beside that ale-stake. His heart within him quailed as he called up the picture which the master of the Horseshoe Inn would present when he came to know what had been done without a word of permission from him. He knew the sailor to be moody, and suspected him of being violent. Above all, he realised that the gentlest man might very

done from a window. It is no occupation for me to be an ale-draper, yet would I never have cut down the pole."

His wife was at the other side of the sailor. He leaned towards her, and said again, the first time after years:

"Flower of the world!"

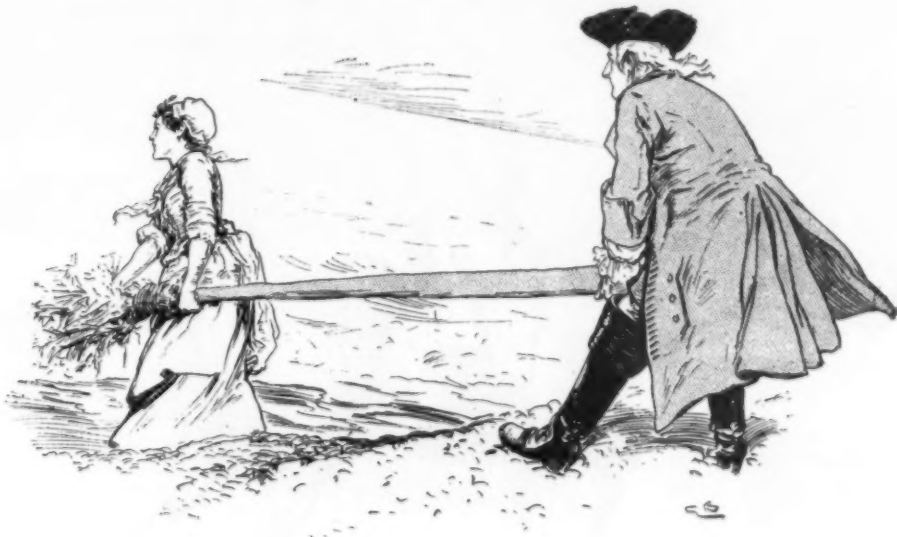
The three then walked in silence back to the house, converted from an inn to a homestead. George Roberts did not enter it, but unloosed his horse, and rode off in an opposite direction to Canterbury, watched out of sight by two who stood in their doorway.

"'Tis a good soul!" said one.

"Ay, 'tis!" said the other.

The other was Susan, and after a moment she added, giving praise which made good all her strictures of earlier days:

"I think, James, there was never a gentleman so handsome in his mind."



IN ANOTHER MINUTE THE "ALE-STAKE" BECOMES FLOTSAM.

fitly resent this action. While these thoughts were still in his mind, a determination ripened in it. He alone would bear the blame of this; no culpability must attach to Susan. With an effort summoning cheerfulness to his face, he approached the radiantly smiling wife of James Sawyer, and said:

"Stay you here, Susan, and I will to your husband and explain."

Susan laughed into his face, and pointed to her husband, who was coming towards them. James was in his old dress of a sailor, and came along with a swinging step and a brightness on his face such as George Roberts had never seen on it. He made straight for his wife, and caught her in his arms as if the earth held nothing but her. George Roberts looked out over the sea till a hand was put on his shoulder.

"I thank you, sir, who helped my wife," the sailor said heartily. "I saw all you have

This exquisite eulogium met with James's entire agreement.

Meanwhile Mr. Roberts, having put a wide distance between himself and the Horseshoe Inn, was riding with slackened rein, and giving himself up to his favourite day-dream. His favourite day-dream started with an "if." His favourite day-dream consisted of conclusions drawn from the premises that he had not lost a certain suit. Evening was deepening into night, as, on his way home, he rode past the sign of the Blue Anchor in Canterbury. There was no light burning here, and in the sky there was only such light as is shed when two or three stars are burning, howbeit Mr. Roberts appeared to see an old man who sat in the porch of the Blue Anchor, holding a news leaflet which he had read at noon.

"What news, Master Gwinett?" he asked.

"The comet will appear on Wednesday, Mr. Roberts," answered he in the porch, "and the world will be destroyed by fire on Friday."

"Well, that will make an end of Mr. Whiston," replied the attorney, in a tone which made it clear that he did not rank Mr. Whiston, who had made this prediction, with the major prophets. "What do they in London?" he added.

"A number of persons are got into boats and barges on the Thames, thinking the water the safest place," was answered.

"When fire will come to burn the world these think the Thames will quench it," was the attorney's comment on this.

dealer answered, "to all the fire-offices in London to have a particular eye upon the Bank of England."

Here a frank laugh broke from Mr. Roberts. To a non-Whistonian there was a distinctly risible side to the conception of a world-ending which was to leave unscathed as many people as could get into boats and barges on the Thames, also a Dutch ship afloat on that river, also the Bank of England. The laughter-burst was followed in a little by the question, asked in an altered voice:

"Is all the thought of those in London who think world-end is coming of things temporal only?"



MR. ROBERTS RODE ON, SMILING CLOSELY.

The news-retailer was not to be put out.

"South Sea and India stock is fallen," he said, speaking in a monotone, from which it was impossible to guess the position which he himself took in regard to the Whistonian prediction, "and the captain of a Dutch ship has thrown all his powder into the river, that his ship be not endangered."

"He is one who does not know that the fire at world-end will burn wet powder as well as dry," said Mr. Roberts. "What does Sir Gilbert Heathcote?" he asked, after a pause, speaking still in the tone marking the figure of speech called in those days *an irony*.

"There is orders issued by Sir Gilbert," the

"I think 'tis, chiefly," was answered, "though there has been a hundred clergymen ferried over to Lambeth to ask that a new prayer be made, since there is none in the Church service."

The attorney's face wore the expression which says, *Eheu, jam satis*. Then he said, shaking the reins:

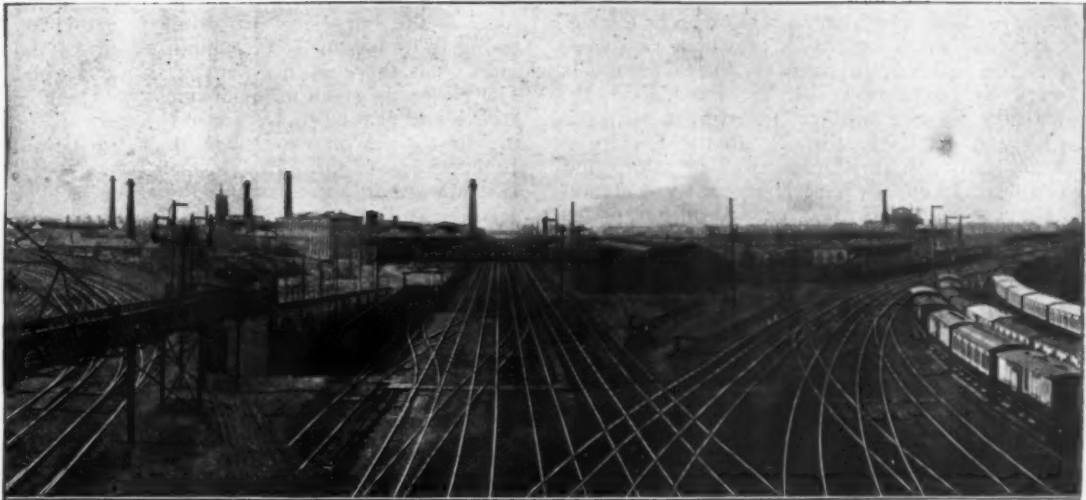
"I wish you good-night, Master Gwinett. Susan does well."

"I wish you good-night, Mr. Roberts," replied Master Gwinett.

Mr. Roberts rode on, smiling closely. He knew that Master Gwinett had only sat out in his porch to hear the last news of Susan.

MIDLAND SKETCHES.

CREWE.



CREWE JUNCTION, LOOKING TOWARDS THE OLD WORKS.

THERE are different opinions as to which are the Midlands of England. All admit the whole of Staffordshire and Leicestershire, but some will not recognise Northamptonshire, while others include Bedfordshire and Cheshire, and even take a wider sweep. Of Cheshire as a Midland county we have our doubts; but when one has been strolling about pleasant Stafford, and found one's way up to Stoke, and along that grimy, straggling street of towns known as the Potteries, all of them undoubtedly Midland, Crewe is so convenient and close over the border that it may as well be temporarily annexed to our domain; added to which, railway work is a characteristic Midland industry, and where can it be seen better than at Crewe?

Crewe is a railway colony of no architectural merit. It is the chief junction on the London and North-Western, and the seat of that company's locomotive works; and around the works and between the branch lines the town has grown up just as so many of our older towns grew up around the baron's castle. It is commonplace and uninteresting, just as were the older towns when they began, although they were smaller and inconspicuous in the landscape to which they owed so much of their picturesqueness. It is, in fact, a town in the making, which has not yet found time or inclination to replace its primitive buildings with others of more architectural distinction; for there has been such immediate demand for the

useful, that there has been no money to spare for the ornamental.

It is a workman's town, monotonous, busy, and clean. The best public building in it is the new technical school, which is not much above the level of a London Board school. The shops, with the exception of the Co-operative Stores, are small and unattractive. The houses are in streets of all alike and the rentals average five shillings a week, the older ones like the signalmen's cottages of the early days, the later ones of more modern type, with forecourts and gardens, so that Crewe improves on its outer edge as its area widens.

The railway influence is apparent everywhere, as was that of the baron in our ancient towns. Even in the street-names and house-numbers there are the separate cast-iron letters and figures of the North-Western notice-boards. The railway company has built and owns 845 of the houses; many of the others have been built and are owned by the workmen themselves, the rest being due to private enterprise, with which the town's future will rest. When the railway first came, Crewe had thirty inhabitants; it now has over thirty thousand, so that it has grown as the works have grown.

The North-Western directors have not been unmindful of their responsibilities as landlords. They supply the town with gas; they supply it with water; they have given it baths; they have given it churches; they have built for it schools, and so support them that, though there

are over 6,500 school-children in Crewe, the cost of carrying out the Education Acts is only a third of a penny in the pound.

The Institute. Over fifty years ago they also gave it a mechanics' institution, which they still stand by in every way. This is one of the most successful establishments in the country. Its students have carried off no less than forty-four Whitworth scholarships. Since 1881 there has not been a year without one or two or three, and on two occasions four, of these scholarships being won by Crewe. Last year three were won, of which two were the first and second, each of £125 a year. It works in connection with Victoria University, with the Science and Art Department, with the City and Guilds Institute, with the Society of Arts, and with the Union of Lancashire and Cheshire Institutes, and last year its students, of whom there are 1,600, carried off 129 prizes and 609 certificates. It holds classes in twenty-seven subjects, of which seventeen are in Science and one in Art.

Crewe is not great at Art. It is mechanical, and not artistic. The sideboards in the furniture shops and the pictures in the framers' windows and in the houses—for you can see into many of them, owing to the front door opening into the sitting-room—are truly afflicting. Nowhere is the flamboyant High German and the Van Daubian Low Dutch in greater demand. There are now 157 students in the Art class—a larger number than before—and the more the better. If only some one would start a loan collection of good pictures, Crewe would be grateful. It might at first come as a surprise; but it would have its influence. The Crewe man—for in the fifty years a Crewe type has developed—is anything but a fool. He now buys the prints the tradesman has to sell, and he would very soon see what rubbish they are if he had some decent pictures to compare them with.

Like everything else at Crewe, the institute is not remarkable for its architectural features; but it is a large and roomy place, with every convenience for work. It has a good lecture hall, and, curiously enough, one large room which is used as Crewe town hall or council chamber, the corporation offices being in the next street, in what seems to have been a two-storey beerhouse with its front unaltered. Crewe became a corporation twenty years ago. The town arms, like the town offices, are enough to give a herald the nightmare. They are, quarterly, a man and woman on a pillion, complacent, a laden pack-horse, esurient, a canal with a boat and tug-horse, passant, a four-in-hand, trippant, with a railway engine for a crest and "Never Behind" for a motto.

Connected with the institute are a chess club and a scientific society. Crewe is a great place for societies. Seven of the general Friendly Societies have flourishing branches there, besides the special societies connected with the works and the railway. And in addition to the chess club and chess associations, there are

cricket clubs, football clubs, cycling clubs, angling societies, athletic clubs, harriers' clubs, and the inevitable golf club, most of them under the patronage of the railway company, who have, in some cases, allotted them enclosed grounds. Indeed, the first thing the visitor notices when he leaves the railway station is that it is cut off from the town by the Crewe Alexandra.

Queen's Park. The company have also presented the town with a public park, which some of the burgesses are prone to growl at, owing to its having to be supported out of the rates—but there is no pleasing some people. The park was given in memory of the Queen's jubilee and of the fiftieth year of the railway, for the first train on what was then the Grand Junction passed through Crewe on July 4, 1837. It is about half a mile out of the town, a slice across a valley, through which flows a narrow stream that has been ponded back to form a lake. Well planted, well kept, and judiciously laid out so as to make the best of the natural features, it is a delightful place, with the country, cheery with the song of the birds, on one side, and the continuous hum and occasional roar and clank of the works on the other.

The Works. Crewe owes its eminence more or less to perversity. When it was decided to remove the old works from Edgehill, near Liverpool, the site selected for the new works was at Warrington; but Colonel Wilson-Patten refused to part with the land, and the company, having to go elsewhere, pitched upon Crewe as promising to be quite as important a junction as Warrington was then. The building of the works began in 1843, and in those early days they occupied two acres and a half, and the engines were 75 in number. For some time after the amalgamation of the various lines which formed the North-Western, Crewe was the centre of the northern division of the line and Wolverton of the southern; but in the sixties the company removed its carriage works to Wolverton, and its wagon works to Earlestown, and concentrated its mechanical and engineering departments at Crewe, under the control of Mr. Ramsbottom, of water-trough fame, who in 1871 was succeeded by Mr. F. W. Webb.

Crewe works now occupy 116 acres of ground, of which 36 are under cover, and the engines, instead of 75, number 2,802. These engines last year ran 64,181,475 miles, so that the North-Western runs a couple of miles every second; they consumed during the year 1,167,464 tons of fuel and 8,697,607 tons of water, hauling after them 39,200,000 tons of goods and minerals and 76,000,000 passengers, whose tickets alone weighed 60 tons. No wonder that Crewe is big and busy, and turns out two-thirds of a million's worth of work in a year.

The works are a mile and a half long, and give employment to 7,500 men and apprentices, to which may fairly be added the 700 engine-drivers, firemen, and others at the running-sheds at the station. Such are the capabilities

of the place that the company purchase the raw materials and are the actual manufacturers of every part of the engines and machinery except the brass tubes, copper plates, and firebricks. Crewe is the headquarters of the locomotive department, and it makes everything it can for that department; but it also makes the whole of the signalling apparatus used on the line, and the ironwork for the carriage works and wagon works, besides doing a lot of miscellaneous engineering and sundries for the other departments.

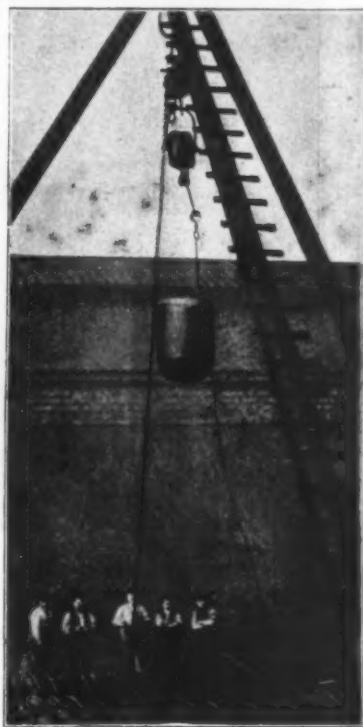
Its business is consequently unexpectedly varied. For instance, the locomotive department wants engine sheds, and cannot build them without bricks and mortar. Crewe makes both the bricks and the mortar; the mortar in so many mills, for the demand is large owing to the loco department of the whole line having to be supplied; the bricks, to the amount of over six millions a year, in machines and a Hoffmann's circular kiln, in which the waste gases from the main firing are utilised, and which is of such size and so regulated that, while full firing is going on in one chamber, other chambers may be open to the air for newly made bricks to be stacked in them, or finished bricks removed. Crewe makes not only bricks, but tiles and drain-pipes, some of them ten inches in diameter. The bricks for engine fire-box arches are new, from Stourbridge; but when they are condemned, they are ground up and mixed with the stuff for other bricks.

Crewe wastes nothing it can save. Among the odds and ends is a steam laundry with all the latest improvements, that does nothing else but wash the dirty engine-cloths that come to it from all parts of the system, and which could not be taken more care of if they were pocket-handkerchiefs. And in this direction the saving of waste goes further, the grease extracted from the cloths, like that from the engines under repair, not being thrown away, but collected and sent on to the soapworks a few yards off, where it is made into soap for scrubbing loco department floors.

Again, a stretch of the line may require to be fenced in—as about Widnes, for example, where the air is so acid that no hedge will grow, and where there is not even a blade of grass in the graveyard—and Crewe makes the iron fencing and the hurdles. Or an accident may happen and a man lose his arm or leg; Crewe makes the artificial limb. It makes buckets, it makes pumps and cranes, it makes lamps, it repairs crank-shafts for packet-boats, it makes harness-chains, and ship's cables; there is one shop in which there is such a miscellaneous collection that it seems to repair everything in metal work. These, however, are what we may call the side-shows of Crewe, the trivialities only just worth mentioning, like the breaking up of old tyres for scrap by dropping the leaden monkey on to them.

The works are in three groups: The Deviation Works, the Old Works, entered under the old clock, the Deviation Works, to make room for which the Chester branch was

deviated further south, and the Steel Works. Before we get into the main running, let us look in at the Deviation Works. Here is a timber yard with an enormous stock, mostly in baulks, and a saw-mill close by, which, besides the usual circular and frame saws, has a band saw 55 feet long that will cut through logs six feet in diameter. Near to this is the joiners' shop, where over five million superficial feet of timber are cut up and used in a year, although you would hardly think it, there being an entire absence of overhead shafting, all the driving being done from below; and under the floor runs a continuous belt, acting as a carrier to clear off the chips and shavings and sawdust, which are all used up in the furnaces during the day so that there shall be no accumulation of inflammable material. There is much ingenious machinery here. One machine, consisting essentially of an auger in a sharp square sheath, drills a square mortise of any size at one operation; another machine tackles a log and saws it, planes it, slots it, drills it, and turns it out a finished buffer-plank



BREAKING UP OLD TYRES.

in about half a minute. In the same neighbourhood as the carpentering headquarters is the electric department, which not only supplies the current for the offices and shops and cranes in the works, but makes the fittings for the stations, steamers, and warehouses all over the line. Farther on, just before entering the steel works, is the shed where the boiler and other plates and the chains and couplings are

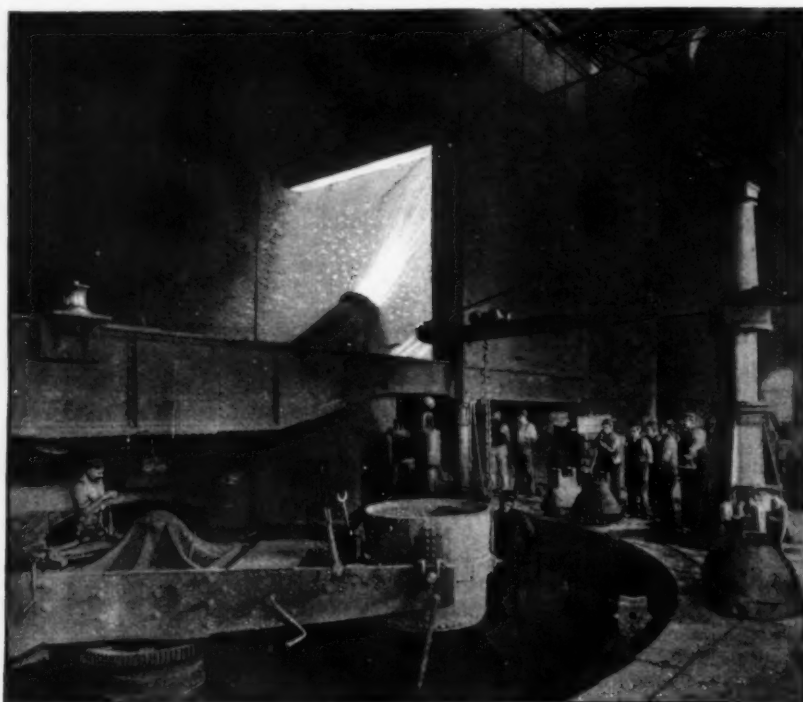
tested on machines that work up to fifty, seventy, and even a hundred tons.

The Steel Works. Through the works runs a pigmy railway of 18-inch gauge, worked by the engines with 16-inch wheels which first did duty towing barges on the Shropshire Union Canal. This winds about in and out of the shops in such a way that its length is over five miles; and in addition there are lines of the usual gauge, that are always busy, and on whose sidings, stretching through the steel works by the side of the repairing shops, which are nearly a thousand feet long, is an array of goods engines, and, farther away, of heroines of the road, come in for overhaul and repair, whose numbers or names are known

and described hundreds of times, and yet are always impressive.

The mild steel furnaces on the Siemens-Martin principle, of which there are five, dealing with twenty tons at a time, connected with 51 gas producers, are equally interesting and equally well known.

Crewe used to have two pits, with a pair of converters each, and its output of steel was 50,000 tons a year, including the mild steel by these Siemens-Martin furnaces; but now it is putting in another pit, with two more converters, so that its production will be greater. Another improvement is in progress. The Ramsbottom steam hammers in the steel forge, which worked horizontally, have been taken away,



A BESSEMER CONVERTER ON THE BLOW.

to every traveller. These stand as patients outside a hospital, with a curiously human look of sickness about them, and an engine never looks so helpless as in and about the shops, particularly if it has had some of its parts removed, or is lifted up with some of its wheels off the rail.

Steel works are always interesting. There is a charm about them that no familiarity can affect. The charging of the converter in the Bessemer process; the changing colours of the flame from orange to white; the sheaf of sparks when the spiegeleisen is poured in; the quiet working of the hydraulic machinery, which deals with tons as if they were so many ounces; the pouring of the dazzling fluid into the moulds to form the mighty ingots—have all been seen

and hydraulic machinery is being erected, which will give a squeeze of 1,700 tons. There is no want of hydraulic power about. Through the steel works runs a main with the water at a pressure of 2,000 lb. to the square inch, besides another main with a pressure of 400 lb., and through the timber yard and other inflammable areas runs a main which is always at a pressure of 100 lb.

As soon as the ingot from the Bessemer is cooled down, it is reheated, and then transferred laboriously to the cogging-mill for five passes, and then to that powerful mangle known as the rolling-mill, passing through it backwards and forwards thirteen times, with much lumping and clanging, until it comes out a fully finished rail; for the North-Western rolls many of its rails, but

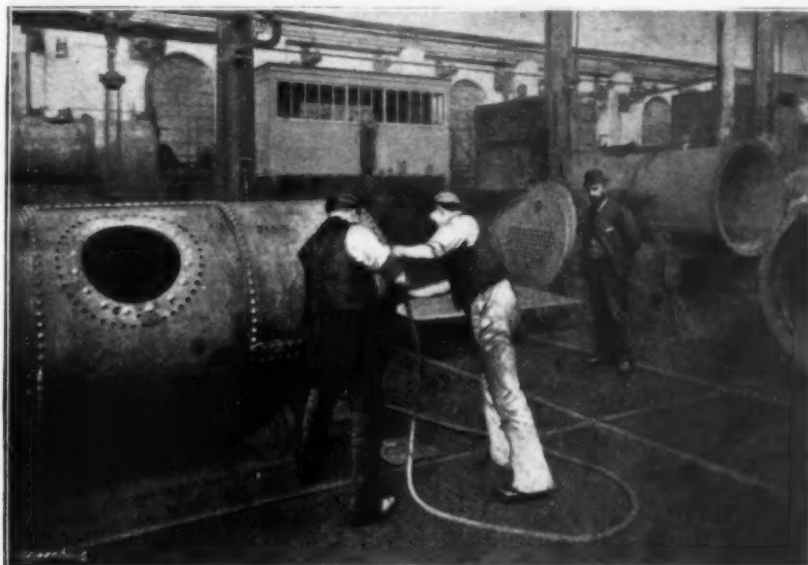
not all, the balance being made up from South Wales and elsewhere.

Adjacent to the rail-mill is the points and crossings shop, where every variety of junction, at every practical angle, seems to be under construction; and then we enter the boiler-shop, which is nearly 500 feet long and over 100 broad. Here some 200 boilers are made in a year, and from the noise one would imagine they were all being made at once; but then there are the repairs in hand for the engines under overhaul, besides plate and lattice girders for roofs and bridges all over the system.

The boilers are of steel, not copper as is generally the case with those of other companies. Their seams are closed by compressed air, and the riveting is nearly all done by hydraulic.

measuring $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 4 at one operation, the plates being heated in a couple of gas-furnaces close to the presses. The fire-box itself, the most costly part of an engine, is of copper, the boiler of mild steel, the tubes in it of brass—in the boiler of the Greater Britain there are 312 such tubes—and it is through these tubes the flames pass to heat the surrounding water, so that the heating surface is that of the tubes plus that of the fire-box. For its new boilers and repairs Crewe uses over three thousand tubes a day.

The fitting of these tubes and of the other brasswork takes place in the boiler-mounting shop, where every boiler is tested with water and steam before being sent further. The handling of these boilers, the lifting them up and moving them about like so many big babies,



CLOSING BOILER SEAMS BY COMPRESSED AIR.

But hydraulic cannot go everywhere, and the environment is decidedly noisy. There are stories of boiler-makers being so accustomed to the racket as to go to sleep inside the boiler as it is being made. Perhaps they did. They would hardly do it now without the foreman knowing it. But it is remarkable how they seem to understand one another when no one unaccustomed to the place can hear a word. Boiler-makers generally go deaf. Outside you can recognise them by the way they shout at each other in ordinary conversation. What the boiler-maker at home is like we know not; but probably he can be heard asking for his supper all down the street.

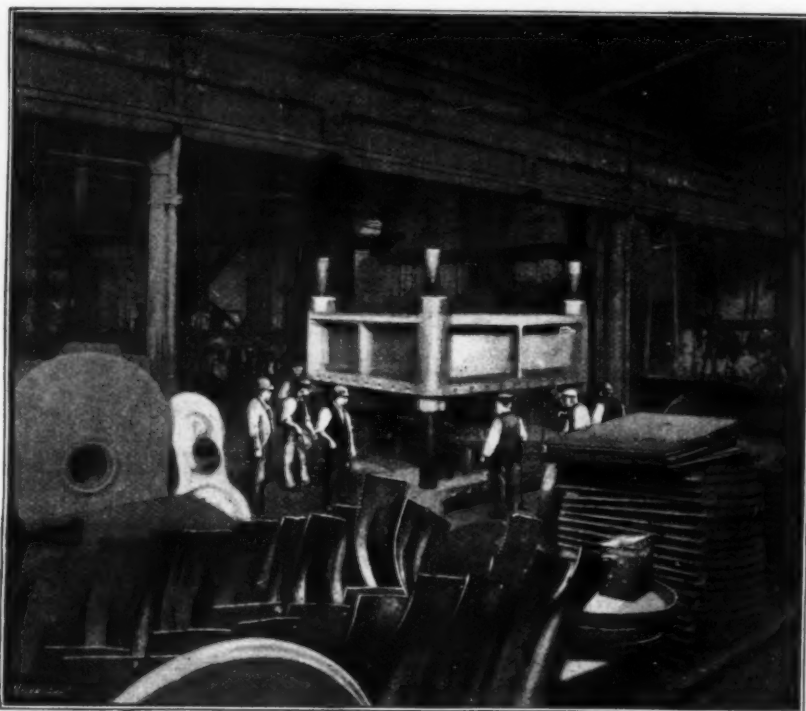
Leading out of the boiler-shop is the flanging-shop, where there are hydraulic presses, one of which gives a pressure of 650 tons, and puts the flange on a steel fire-box plate

is here done by means of four 20-ton cord travelling cranes, in which the high speed of the constantly running endless rope is converted into lifting power; in the boiler-shop itself the lifting is done by three electric cranes, one of 15 tons, by which the longest boilers can be hung up vertically for the riveters to work at them. The advantage claimed for the electrics is that in the one case much power is wasted by the cord having to run all the time whether the crane be in use or not, while in the other the machine remains at rest until the power is required. Electricity is also used at Crewe for other purposes. For small, out-of-the-way things inside the engine there are electric welding machines, and for tube-cutting there is an electric machine designed by Mr. Webb, which does as much work in one hour as was formerly done in a day.

In all these shops there is a perfect wilderness of machinery, as seen from the ground, but there is no looking down over them to appreciate the orderliness of the seeming disorder. We have no doubt a sightseer might have a trip on a crane if he particularly desired it, but we have not heard of a venture of that sort. There is one place, however, of which there is a splendid view—through a window as you come from the brickyard—and that is the iron foundry. Looking over this wide area through the haze with which the shed is filled, the whole place seems to be alive—the moulders busy with the sand, the moulds being formed and carried about, the bright streaks of metal being drawn

brackets, horn-blocks, axle-boxes, and sundries; for not only are many things that were of cast iron now made of cast steel, but many things are made of cast steel that it would cost more to forge although they would wear no better.

The steel forge is necessarily a more lively place. There is far more machinery about, and machinery of the big and noisy type that no one can help noticing. What with the steam hammers, the punching and shearing machines, the circular saws, seven feet in diameter, cutting hot metal, that spin at a rate of a hundred and fifty miles an hour, and screech through a 9-inch axle in less than half a minute; what with the axle-mill, that seems to know no limit



IN THE FLANGING SHOP—ONE OF THE HYDRAULIC PRESSES.

from the seven furnaces and poured from the ladles, the little spurts of flame and wreaths of fume; much of the work being done by moulding machines and plated patterns, as is the case in the brass foundry, where the glowing crucibles and coloured flames make, perhaps, a better show.

Close to the iron foundry is the pattern-shop, where carpentry as a high art may be said to be practised; and adjoining are the new pattern-stores, long and lofty, beautifully clean and well lighted, where, arranged in such a way as to be immediately available, are the patterns of every part of every engine, and apparently of everything else, made at Crewe.

But we must not forget the steel foundry with its two 10-ton melting furnaces, where the men are busy with wheels, motion-plates,

to its strength, and the tyre-mill, which will take wheels up to 8 ft. 9 in., and rolls all the locomotive tyres in addition to the carriage and wagon tyres that sometimes amount to 650 in a week, claspings them closer and closer to itself, and spinning them thinner and thinner in the metal and wider and wider in diameter—there is a display of power amid a tumult of sound with a background of gloom and a foreground of fire that must appeal to everyone.

In addition to the steel-forging there is an iron-forging with three steam-hammers and a mill, and there is another with five steam-hammers, mostly making fencing, in the Old Works, to which we had better move on, past the general offices, clothed with ivy, which face a plantation of trees that make them seem to be many miles away in the country.

The Old
Works.

It is in the Old Works that the new engines are put together. Hither come the separate parts to be fitted and placed in position. The fitting-shop, with its machines as many as the days in the year, and its forest of pulleys and belts, is one of the sights of Crewe. Everything about an engine—cylinder, piston, valve, motion, axle-box, slide-bar, connecting-rod, coupling-rod—seems to be capable of treatment here, everything being finished to standard gauges and templates so as to be interchangeable, many of the pieces being so designed as to be available for several classes of engines. Crewe prides itself on this interchangeability. Everything it makes is lettered and numbered and kept in stock, and when any particular part breaks down on the road, a telegram to headquarters, giving the letter and number, brings the new part required from the stores by next train.

The shop near the gateway and clock is mostly occupied with repairs to tank, passenger and goods engines; the next to it is devoted to the repair of non-compound passenger engines and some of the goods engines; the next again repairs passenger engines; the next, No. 4, almost entirely concerns itself with new work, and it is in it that people who would know how to build a railway engine naturally take most interest.

To build an engine takes four weeks; but it can, of course, be done much faster under special circumstances. At the outset the frame is put together temporarily, and the cylinders are slung into position and bolted in so as not to move. Then follows the spectacle-plate, which is the first stay between the two frames, and serves other purposes. Next come the stay-plate farther along, then the foot-plate and then the horn-blocks, which serve as guides for the axle-boxes. The foundation of the engine is now ready for inspection; but before it is passed as satisfactory its accuracy is checked by many measurements, lengthwise, crosswise, and diagonally. It is then finally fixed together, and on it the angle-plates come to which the side-plates are riveted, all the rivet-holes being made by a portable electric drilling machine. The side-plates form the gangway along each side, and over the holes cut in them for the wheels to work through the splashers will afterwards be fixed. Meanwhile the men are busy under the engine fitting the axle-boxes into the horn-blocks, though they will have to take them out again for the bearing surfaces to be bedded on the wheel journals.

The boiler now comes along, stencilled with the name of the foreman who is erecting the engine; the boiler which so few see, for it is lagged with felt—even that is made by the North-Western people now—and then covered with the outer casing that shields it from the air. The fire-box end of the boiler is riveted to the expansion brackets, which rest on the frames and slide along them as the boiler expands with the heat, for a steel boiler in steam is almost

half an inch longer than when it is cold, and the expansion and contraction over even that amount would do serious mischief. The only place where the boiler is rigidly fixed to the engine is at the cylinders by the smoke-box tube-plate.

The smoke-box is then built up, leading on from the boiler, and on to it comes the chimney. Work has meanwhile been going on under the engine. The slide-bars and pistons and other gear have been put in, but not until the casing is on the boiler and the cab on the footplate is the engine ready for its wheels. It is lifted right up by cranes, and held in mid-air while the wheels are run under into their proper places, when it is lowered on to them and the necessary joining up below is taken in hand, the last thing to be added being the buffer-plank and couplings. When all is complete, two of the four 25-ton travelling cranes, of which the cords run at about a mile a minute and the chains lift at the rate of about an inch in the same time, take up the helpless baby and deposit it gently on the central gangway, whence it runs out into the railway world, its first experience of which, like that of some other babies, being to be weighed, the machine showing not only the total weight, but, by means of six scale pans, the weight carried by each wheel.

Crewe has built about 3,600 engines, most of them in this shop. Here the Charles Dickens was built, which must have run about a million and a half miles; here the Experiment, the first new compound engine designed and built by Mr. Webb; here those famous engines, each giving its name to a class, the Marchioness of Stafford, the Jeanie Deans, and the Greater Britain. Of the Greater Britain, the then largest engine of the North-Western line, we have already given the details.¹ When she came out in 1891 it was said she was too big, and not likely to be repeated; but she now has nine sisters each of her own dimensions, all of which began their career in 1894. Last year these ten giant compounds ran over 462,000 miles, equal to about 18½ journeys round the world, at an average consumption of 38·3 lb. of fuel per mile, Henry Bessemer appropriately enough consuming more fuel than the rest, and Richard Moon consuming least of all, though running only second in distance to George Findlay!

Our great surprise at Crewe was in the running shed, where conspicuous was the Greater Britain gorgeous in her Jubilee colours. There she stood, she and her tender radiant in brand-new royal scarlet bodies, royal blue frames and wheels, with the flat of the wheels brilliant in white enamel. She certainly never looked so well before; but who would have thought that the North-Western, of all people, even under the exceptional excitement of a Diamond Jubilee, would give us an engine in red, white, and blue?

W. J. GORDON.

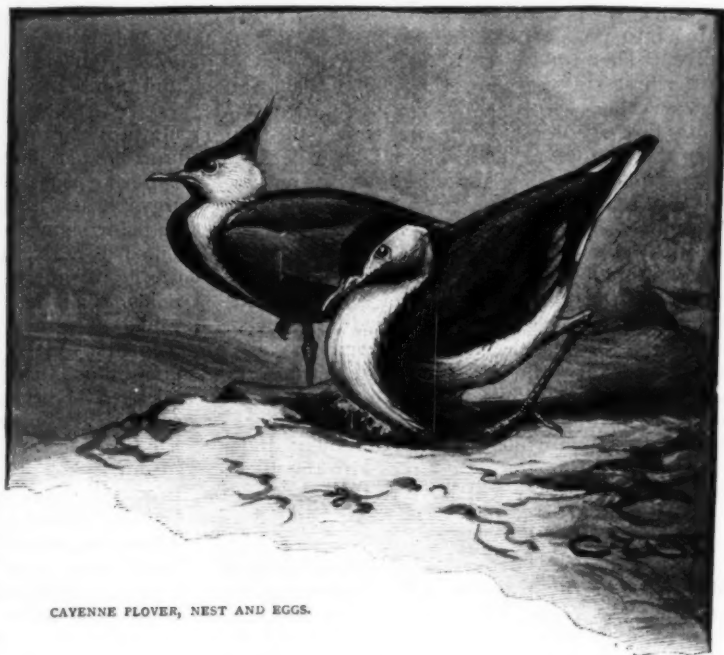
¹ In "Everyday Life on the Railroad."

BIRDS BREEDING IN CAPTIVITY.

THE early summer months in the Zoological Gardens are undoubtedly the most interesting of the whole year—in the aviaries and bird paddocks at all events—for then the foreigners from every latitude, adapting their domestic arrangements to our seasons, devote themselves, like our own native birds, to the important duties of the nursery. The captives in the netted enclosures, of course, are very dependent upon the good offices of the keepers for the wherewithal to build their nests; but the men are watchful, and the first sign of interest in such trifles as scraps of straw or grass is sure to bring a supply of building materials. One of the prettiest nests to be seen this year was that of a weaver-bird, a neat hammock-like structure hung from the topmost bough in the cage. Rather a curious site was that provided by the thoughtful keeper for a Japanese finch; to wit, an old broom-head placed upright against the wall for her convenience. Despite the drawbacks of a cold climate, many of the foreign birds succeed in bringing off their broods each year in the Gardens. Some of them are capricious and uncertain in their breeding. Take the Cayenne lapwing, for example, that delicate-looking bird on long stilt-like legs: it has only bred once in eighteen years. In July 1894 a pair scraped a shallow depression in the gravel, gathered a few stones round, and in this apology for a nest—not unlike that of our own lapwing—the hen laid two eggs (also resembling in size and coloration those of the British bird), from which in August two fluffy chicks chipped out. Like all the plovers, the young Cayenne lapwings entered the world fully equipped for the battle of life, able to follow their parents and pick up their food; and as they were very bold, not to say enterprising, they proved a source of considerable anxiety to the proud father and mother, who spent most of their time hunting the other occupants of the aviary away from these precocious chicks. It is noteworthy that these young lapwings did not show the instinctive fear of man which in the wild state constitutes

one of their safeguards. Birds of the wader kind do not thrive as well as could be wished in the Zoo; spending the better part of their lives on mud flats under normal conditions, their feet crack and get sore on dry gravel.

One of the events of the year has been the laying of eggs by the Great Bustard (*otis tarda*). This magnificent bird, larger than a turkey, was at one time comparatively common in England; but now is only known to us as a rare visitor. The last recorded appearance of the Great Bustard was in February 1894, when a specimen was seen, and of course shot, at Costessy, near Norwich. Unfortunately the gulf between laying and hatching in the Great Bustard's case is a wide one: several layings having been recorded, but only one hatching. The solitary instance occurred in 1860, when a bird belonging to a M. Althammer, a farmer in the Tyrol, laid the orthodox three eggs and brought off one chick; whether it survived or not does not appear however. At the "Zoo" the Great Bustards are penned under conditions which are not conducive to successful reproduction: they are very shy birds and prefer to conduct



CAYENNE PLOVER, NEST AND EGGS.

their nursery affairs in seclusion. The hen in Regent's Park scratched the most perfunctory of holes in the rough grass which has overgrown the basin in the enclosure, and, having

deposited three eggs therein, left them severely alone, seemingly under the impression that she

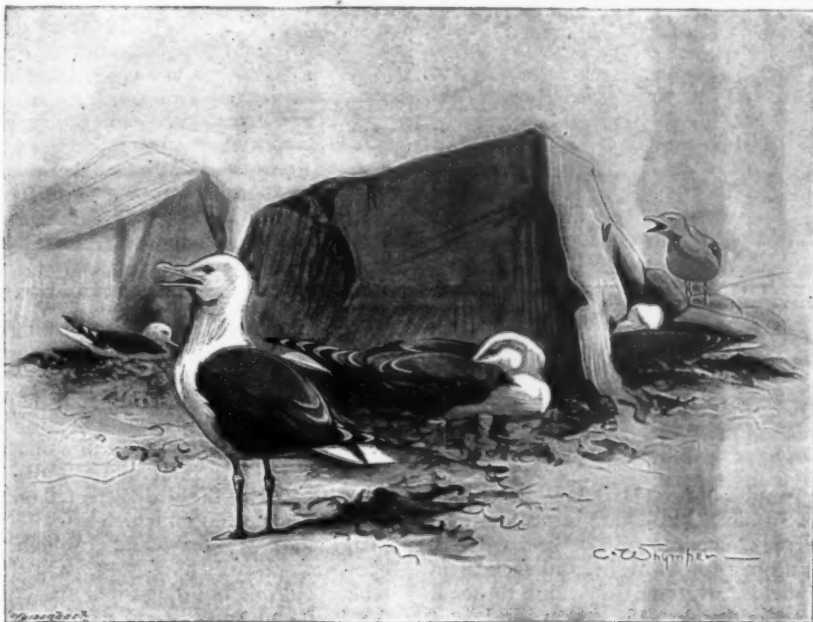
interesting to see if greater privacy would induce this unmotherly bird to take a more serious



GREAT BUSTARDS.

had done all Nature required of her. She took so little interest in them that she made no objection to their being handled, and probably

view of her responsibilities: perhaps if a few bushes were planted in the paddock she might pay more attention to family affairs. A right



THREE GULLS' NESTS, WITHIN AS MANY YARDS.

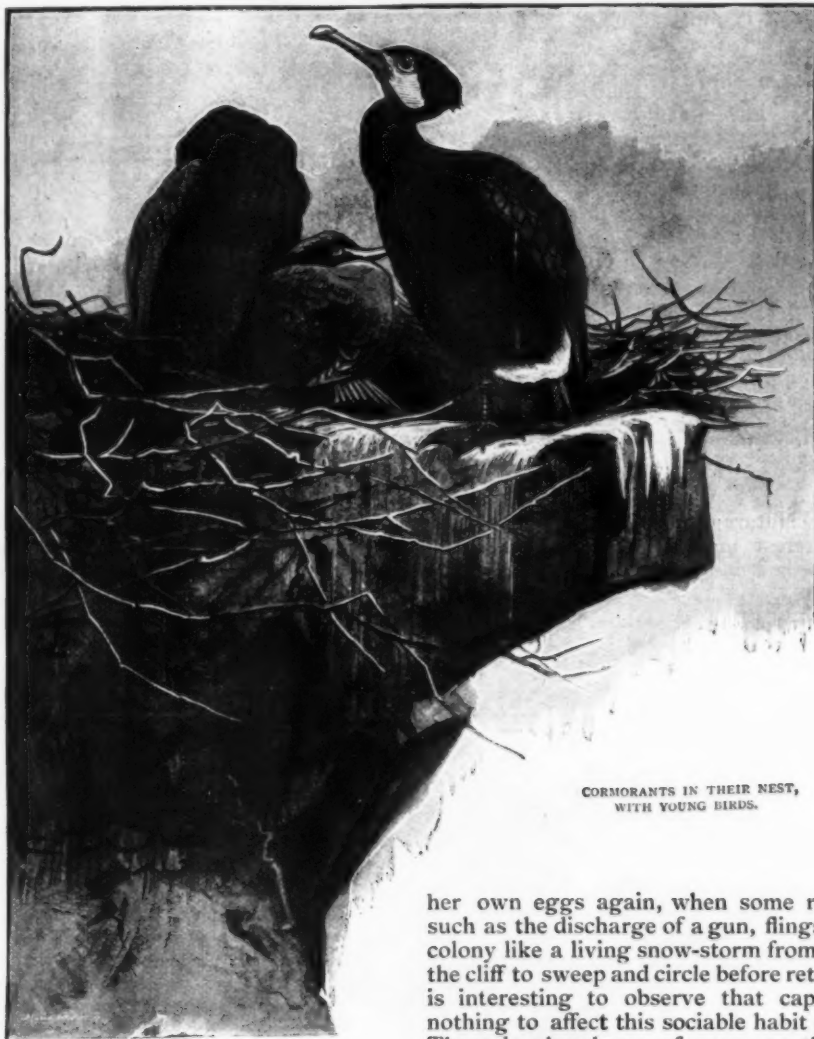
never discovered that one fell a prey to the rats which abound in the Gardens. It would be

royal bird is the male, standing nearly three feet high and combining with the carriage and

pluck of the gamecock the majestic dignity of the turkey, as it struts about with all its feathers on end, as shown in our illustration, before the admiring female. This is not the first time the Great Bustard has laid in the Zoo: it certainly did so in 1893, and, unless memory plays me false, in 1895 also. In the early days of the century, or at any rate in the concluding quarter of the last, when this bird still bred regularly on the Southdowns in Sussex, it was customary to

had their work cut out to pull down a full-grown cock.

One of the most wonderful sights to be seen on a rock-bound coast in spring is a breeding colony of gulls. The birds resort year after year to the same cliff, and find sites for their nests on every ledge, in every nook and cranny beyond reach of the spray; the nests, such as they are, being placed often within a few inches of each other. The marvel is how each bird can find



CORMORANTS IN THEIR NEST,
WITH YOUNG BIRDS.

hunt it with greyhounds. Mr. W. Brown, in his "Birds of Sussex," says that his grandfather, who died in 1844, used to go out very early in the morning after a foggy night, and seek them in the turnip-fields, whither they came to feed. Pushing their way through the wet turnip-leaves the bustards' heavy plumage became drenched to such a degree that they could not rise on wing, and therefore sought safety by running when the dogs were slipped. The bustards' legs are strong, and no doubt the greyhounds

her own eggs again, when some rude alarm, such as the discharge of a gun, flings the whole colony like a living snow-storm from the face of the cliff to sweep and circle before returning. It is interesting to observe that captivity does nothing to affect this sociable habit of nesting. There is abundance of room on the artificial rocks beside the pool in the gulls' enclosure; but three pairs of birds selected sites within a yard of each other on which to collect the untidy little heap of straw and rubbish which gull economy regards as a nest. On the cliff-face, where eligible building sites are comparatively few, we can understand why the gulls should pack their dwellings together like houses in a London street: inherited instinct no doubt explains their adherence to the habit in the "Zoo"; or perhaps the sociable gull, who is a most careful mother and assiduous sitter, likes

company and gossip! Certainly one hears more chatter in the gulls' paddock than in any other corner of the Gardens save the parrot-house.

The cormorant, still fairly plentiful on our coasts, though persecuted by anglers and fishermen as a devourer of fish, breeds readily in captivity: possibly because it is such a hearty eater: fishermen say that the cormorant only stops eating to go to sleep, but this is a libel

inspired by antipathy. There is no denying that its appetite is enormous, and I am not prepared to contradict anyone who avers that it eats thrice as much as any other bird of equal size. The accompanying sketch was made of a pair which nested in the Zoological Gardens a few years ago. Best known to Londoners perhaps is the pair which breeds in St. James's Park under the shadow of the India Office.

CHARLES WHYMPER.

BARTLETT OF THE ZOO.

THE announcement that Mr. Clarence Bartlett, son of the late A. D. Bartlett, had been elected Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens was generally expected. He is a man of tried ability, and has for years taken chief charge as the health of his father declined. The statement that the election was "unanimous" refers to the Council and members of the Zoological Society at Hanover Square, whose affairs are directed by Dr. Sclater, the secretary, with much practical sagacity as well as scientific knowledge. So far as the Gardens in Regent's Park are concerned, the appointment will be popular, the name of Mr. Clarence Bartlett having been well known ever since he accompanied the Prince of Wales to India as "naturalist." In recording the natural-history events of that memorable expedition, and in the acquisition of new treasures for the Gardens, the services of Clarence Bartlett were very great, and his appointment to the office of superintendent is a fitting acknowledgment and reward.

But we cannot allow the memory of the late superintendent, A. D. Bartlett (or, to give his name in full, Abraham Dee Bartlett), to pass away without adding some personal recollections to the necessarily brief official notices in the Society's records, or in the obituaries of the Press. The directors pay him the high compliment of recording in their Minutes that "there was not another man in the world who had so comprehensive and practical a knowledge of the habits, the ailments, and the characteristics of strange creatures of all kinds from foreign climes." More than this, he was not only a first-class practical naturalist, but also he was a most experienced and skilful surgeon and doctor, and was the "resident medical officer" for the vast establishment under his charge.

The Queen herself was at one time a frequent visitor at the Gardens. She was very fond of bullfinches, and Mr. Bartlett provided them for her Majesty. If one of these pets was ailing, a message would be sent to Mr. Bartlett to come to Buckingham Palace, for she "was

sure that Bartlett would soon see her pets put right." For such services the good Queen was truly grateful, and in recognition of his services in this way gave him a handsome gold watch, with inscription, of which he was greatly proud. Nor was his amateur skill confined to royalty. His assistance was implored by many a distinguished personage for a parrot or other pet bird or beast, and always readily given, for he was the most amiable as well as active of men, and he knew more about the diseases and ailments of animals than a whole college of professional "veterinary" practitioners. He never neglected his watchful duties at the Gardens for these kind extraneous services. When one of the finest lions, for instance, was tortured with toothache, Bartlett undertook the extraction of the tooth. The intelligent beast submitted quietly to the operation, and seemed to know that his friend was working for his relief. It was the same with almost every patient, down to the least in the menagerie. With very few exceptions, they were obedient to their own keepers and attached to the master.

In 1859, on the death of Mr. Thompson, the appointment of Bartlett was made. He was at that time chief of the Natural History department at the Crystal Palace. Dr. Sclater knew him there, and although all the animals were dead and stuffed or moulded, the secretary of the Zoological Society was sure of Bartlett's ability to look after the living inhabitants at Regent's Park Gardens. The Council of the Zoo at once gave him the post of superintendent. He held it for thirty-eight years, always active and efficient, till near the end, when he was prostrated with weakness from an internal disease—cancer—which he had long patiently borne. He took to his bed only three or four weeks before his death. Born in 1810, he was eighty-seven years of age, and it may be truly said that he "died in harness." The present writer had communications with him only last year, and, having known him for fifty years and more, will miss him sadly. A visit to the Zoo, whatever might be the attraction,

whether of novelty or rarity in the collection, was as nothing without a talk with Bartlett. When Frank Buckland was alive, it was an additional pleasure; but when alone and at leisure he overflowed with anecdotes and personal recollections, of which the few that follow are examples.

We have all heard of the extraordinary prices given for eggs of the great auk, a bird now supposed to be as extinct as the dodo. In fact there are catalogues of all the auks' eggs known to collectors, and the fabulous sums paid when any of these come into the market do not surprise us. But in his young days Bartlett told us that he had often in his possession real living specimens of the great auk itself. One of these he sold to a dealer, who resold it at an immense advance to the Lord Derby of that day for his museum at Knowsley. If still there, and if it were brought to an auction room, what would the bird fetch, when its eggs are sold for such ridiculous sums? Many strange visitors came to Bartlett with their "finds," when the Arctic seas were more thronged with whalers and traders than they have been since the days of Ross, Parry, and Franklin. The discipline of the Royal Navy prevented seamen collecting for their own benefit.

The business instincts and experiences of his early life Bartlett retained in his career both at the Crystal Palace, when assisting to make the lakes with their antiquated fossils, and in the Gardens of the Zoologists. To give but one instance at the latter place. The huge "Jumbo" elephant had for a long time been known to be unsafe, and the keepers were in constant fear of a catastrophe. At length an official report went from the superintendent to the secretary and Council at Hanover Square that Jumbo must be no more allowed to carry its loads of children and women for amusement. If not so used he was not worth the costly food he required. He must be got rid of before any disaster occurred. It so happened that the late Mr. Barnum was then in London with his big show, and he was tempted to bid for Jumbo. £2,000 was his offer, and the superintendent advised the Society to close with it. The excitement that ensued, and the subsequent history of the brute, we need not recall. The management of the whole of the affair, till the Gardens were again in peace and more docile elephants at work, was greatly to the credit of Bartlett.

Mr. Barnum was not the only American of whom he had curious stories to tell. He showed, for example, serpent skins of supernatural length brought for sale, and laughed

heartily when exhibiting the artful way in which several different skins were craftily joined together. The anecdotes about serpents, birds, butterflies, as well as about the mammalia, born or bred in the Gardens, were inexhaustible. People crowd there during every season, principally for the music of the bands and for the dress parades, as well as the amusement of children and country folk. These will not miss Bartlett, or talk of his departure as "a calamity for the Zoo."

All the "dealers" in the world, our own Jamrach among them, looked to Bartlett as an authority, and often consulted with him, either by letter or in person. In equal honour was he held by naturalists—field-naturalists, not book-and-cabinet naturalists. Animal painters, and artists of every class who were lovers of living nature, sought his company, and profited by his assistance. Among the vast multitudes who have visited the Gardens as sightseers and for mere amusement there have always been personages of eminence, whether in science or art or rank, in the latter being included nearly all the crowned heads in Europe, and the presidents and rulers of every country in the world. Bartlett was in attendance on all such notable visitors, and often found among them, or in their retinue, naturalists from whom he received useful information.

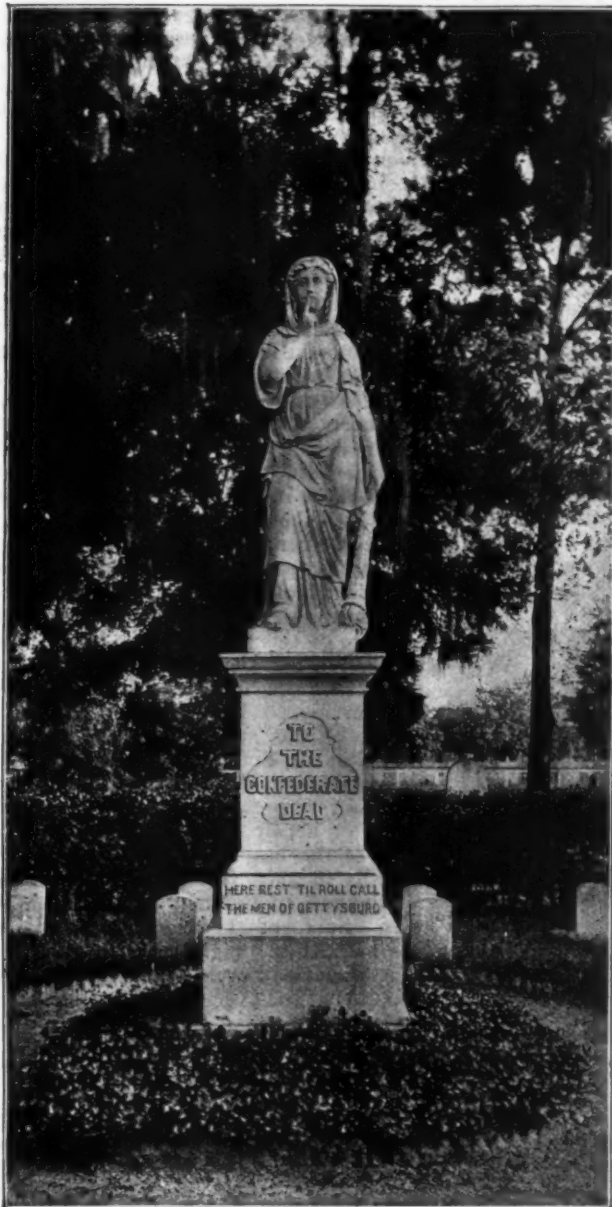
One result of his long and varied intercourse with men of every nation was that he had thousands of letters, all of which he told us that he had preserved, and were stored in boxes for future use. Many a time when listening to the dear old man's talk, the wish came that some day he would contribute to the "Leisure Hour" a selection of his recollections and experiences. He promised to do this, but the pressure of work, and of illness afterwards, hindered the plan being carried out. In many a volume we have given anecdotes and notes of Natural History compiled from the recollection of these conversations. By secretaries and assistants at the Gardens similar fragments have been communicated to the "Field" or "Land and Water." It would be a catch for some publisher to obtain possession of these unused boxes of manuscripts, if Mr. Clarence Bartlett has not time to write a memoir of his father. If carefully edited by a competent naturalist, a series of books, quite as popular as Frank Buckland's "Curiosities of Natural History," would well repay the cost of purchasing these boxes of Bartlett's letters and manuscripts.

JAMES MACAULAY, M.D.



WHAT THE WAR HAS LEFT IN AMERICA.

PENSIONERS OF THE SOUTH—MEMORIAL NATIONAL PARK—THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.



STATUE OF SILENCE.

MONUMENT ERECTED AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA, TO THE CONFEDERATE DEAD.

to a veteran exceed £17 a year. South Carolina has also a pension system, and at Charleston, its commercial metropolis, there is a home for Confederate soldiers. All the Southern States are exceedingly poor in comparison with those of the North. Their populations are small and widely

NEARLY all the ten States which went into the Southern Confederacy now pay pensions to poor and disabled soldiers. In the South, however, there is none of the prodigality which characterises the Federal pension system. The South pays its share of the £30,000,000 sterling expended annually on pensions and homes for Union soldiers. This money is raised by the tariff and excise duties applicable to all the forty-four States. In the South each State provides the cost of its pensions by local taxation. It would be an offence against the Federal constitution for a State to pay any of the Southern war debt, to redeem, for instance, any of the Confederate bonds; but by adopting amendments to the State constitutions it has been made possible for each State to set up a pension system for the aid of its own citizens who were in the Confederate armies, and are now no longer able to maintain themselves. In some States widows of soldiers are also granted small pensions, and in the years immediately following the war several of the States set aside large sums of money for providing maimed survivors with artificial limbs.

Georgia is now the most prosperous of the ex-Confederate States. It pays pensions to 3,300 veterans and to 4,000 widows. None of the pensions to fully disabled veterans exceeds £30 a year, and pensions are only paid to those who are in actual need. In the South it is regarded as dishonourable for a veteran to accept State aid as long as he is able to help himself. Most of the Georgia pensioners are totally blind or have lost two limbs. The pensions to widows seldom exceed £12 a year. North Carolina is another State which has a frugally conceived and well-managed pension system. There are 5,000 persons on its pension list, of whom 1,600 are widows. The average payment to widows is only 5s. 6d. a month, and in no case does a pension

scattered, and until ten years ago none of the ex-Confederate States had any industries other than agriculture. Their populations suffered terrible losses during the war, and for twenty years after a traveller came across many indications of the direful poverty into which the struggle in behalf of the doctrine of States Rights had plunged the South.

The Southern States make no legal preferences for men who fought in the war, but the majority of the older generation of office-holders to-day are men who served with Lee and Johnson. As a South Carolinian once expressed himself to me at Charleston, "It could not be otherwise; for during the war almost every man and every boy over fifteen was serving with the Confederate forces. There was no buying substitutes in the South." When the Southern States elect a new senator to Washington, the Republican Press of the North often welcomes him with the exclamation, "Another Confederate brigadier!" It was in explaining the presence of Confederate soldiers in the public service that my friend reminded me of the fact that between 1861 and 1865 every man and boy in the South who could carry a rifle was mustered into the Confederate service. A new generation of candidates for public office is now coming

ing to the "Atlanta Constitution," the most influential newspaper of the South, "a good war record should not elect an incompetent man; but when he is competent, loyal, and faithful, his Confederate experience should be another point in his favour."

Such quotations well express the present-day feeling of the South in regard to the war. "The issue went against the South; but the war was not a mistake." This sentiment meets one in the South at every turn. It is embodied in the text-books of United States history which are used in the public schools, and one hears it in conversation and sees it expressed in the newspapers. It finds expression most eloquently on many of the war monuments which adorn the streets of the Southern cities. It may, for instance, be read on the monument which stands in front of the State House at Columbia, in which beautiful little city the first step towards the establishment of the Confederacy was taken by the Legislature of South Carolina on December 30, 1860. "Let the stranger who may in future read this inscription," runs the lettering of the monument raised by the women of South Carolina, "recognise that there were men whom power could not corrupt, whom death could not terrify, whom defeat could not dishonour, and let their virtues plead for just judgment of the cause in which they perished. Let the South Carolinian of another generation remember that the State taught them how to live and how to die, and that from her broken fortunes she has preserved for her children the priceless treasure of their memories, teaching all who may claim the same birthright that truth, courage, and patriotism endure for ever."

One of the most remarkable monuments in the South stands in the cemetery at Savannah, in Georgia. It is a beautiful figure of a woman with her finger on her lip, suggesting silence. In most of the large cities in the South, as well as in the North, there are these monuments to the men who died in the war. Some of them are to individual commanders; others, like the magnificent memorial arch which adorns the grounds of the Connecticut State Capitol at Hartford, are general monuments to the men who went to the war from the town in which the monument is erected. In New England there is hardly a village which is without a war monument. Many of the wounded were sent home to die, and are buried in the hillside graveyards of the villages from which they went forth to the war. The monuments in the cemeteries commemorate

the bravery of these men as well as that of their comrades who went South never to return. On these monuments there is usually carved in stone the names of all who died in the war, with a list of the battles in which the men from



A STATE MONUMENT IN THE NATIONAL PARK.

forward in the South. Sometimes when the suffrages of the people are sought, they have to decide between a candidate with a war record and a candidate who is too young to have served in the war. At such a juncture, accord-

the neighbourhood served. One of the most effective and most graceful of the local monuments I have seen in New England is at Northampton, in Massachusetts. Like all the New England towns of any ambition, Northampton has a beautiful public library. On the walls of the vestibule, in lettering of bronze, is the name of every man from Northampton who responded to the call of the Union. On one of the walls are the names of the men who died on the battlefield; on the other are those of the men who survived, many of whom are still living to witness the honour done them by their townsmen.

The Battlefields of Chicamauga and Chattanooga.

As yet the only monument completely national in its character, in the establishment of which both the North and the South have shared, is the National Park which embraces the battlefields of Chicamauga and Chattanooga. The park is in Tennessee. It was acquired and laid out under an Act of Congress passed in 1890, and was dedicated in September 1895. After Gettysburg, Chicamauga was the most terrible battle of the war. The Union armies lost 16,000 men; those of the Confederacy 18,000. The battle of Chattanooga was waged about Lookout Mountain, and on the mountain ridges in the vicinity of Chattanooga. It was the most spectacular battle of the Rebellion. Some of the fighting was among the clouds. Three other minor battles, those of Orchard Knob, Brown's Ferry, and Wauhatchie, were also fought in the same neighbourhood, and

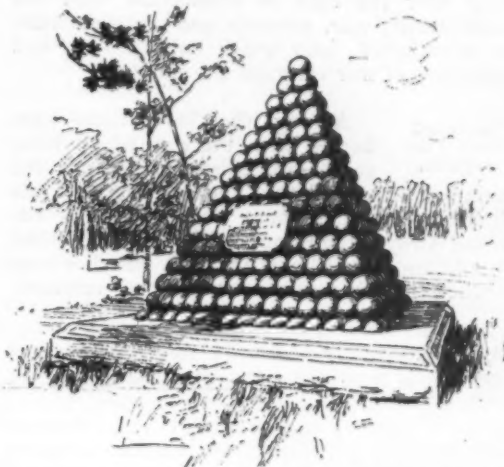


ENTRANCE TO THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT CHATTANOOGA.

the foremost commanders on both sides were engaged in the series of battles of which the park is now the monument. The object of the fighting was the possession of Chattanooga, which commands the Tennessee River, and at this period of the war was the mountain stronghold of the Confederacy, the centre of the

railway system of the South, and the gateway to the cotton belt.

More than £150,000 has been expended by the Government in purchasing the land and in restoring the fields and roads to their condition at the time of the battles of September 1863. As both the North and the South are now



MONUMENT IN CHATTANOOGA PARK, MARKING THE SPOT WHERE A GENERAL OFFICER WAS KILLED.

agreed that the time has come when the great battlefields of the war can be examined as military studies and the facts concerning them finally fixed and permanently recorded in field tablets, the appropriations for the park were made without opposition, and survivors of the armies of both sides aided in laying out the park, and in fixing the numerous monuments with which it is studded. Twenty-five States have located the lines of battle of their troops, all of which are now marked by tablets. There are hundreds of these tablets in the park, from which it is possible to learn all the details of the battles. There were seventy-four field batteries engaged in the six days' fighting. Cannon similar to those used at the time now mark the positions occupied by these batteries. The spots where general officers were killed are marked by pyramids of shells. In addition to the tablets and the cannon and shell monuments, many of the States have erected costly monuments in granite or in bronze to their citizens who died in the campaign about Chattanooga. In order that the battlefields may be viewed from vantage points, the United States Government has erected steel observation towers. Three of these command the field of Chicamauga; two more are on Missionary Ridge, the scene of the most desperate fighting in the battle of Chattanooga. Soldiers of both armies attended the dedication services in September 1895.

Federal Records.

Another national monument is the publication of the records of the contending armies. These have been printed at the expense of the Federal

Government, and have formed a literary undertaking as vast as the publications of the English Historical Manuscript Commission. Many of the States also have gone to great expense in publishing the military records of all their citizens who served in the war. These will be of value in time to come, especially if, as is now the case in connection with the revolutionary war, patriotic and social societies are established, into which only the sons and daughters of war veterans are admitted.

Among the institutions connected with the war which have come into existence without the initiative either of the Federal or the State Governments, the most remarkable is the Grand Army of the Republic. It was established by soldiers from Illinois in 1866, and has now enrolled in its ranks over 350,000 veterans.

The Grand
Army of the
Republic.

It is a fraternal and patriotic organisation, with posts in every town in the North and West. Its members meet in these posts as Odd-fellows or Foresters meet in their lodges. Once a year they assemble in a national encampment, and on Decoration Day each post parades in its own locality to decorate the graves of comrades who died in the war.

The custom of decorating the graves of soldiers with flags and flowers began among the women of the South. It was, however, through the exertions of the Grand Army that May 30 was set apart by Congress as a holiday. In many of the States Lincoln's birthday is now also observed, so that in these the War of the Rebellion is marked by two holidays each year. America keeps six national holidays, and of these Washington's birthday, the Fourth of July, and Decoration Day commemorate great events in her brief history as a nation.

E. PORRITT.

SYDNEY SMITH.

AFTER listening for some time to Sydney Smith's conversation, a well-known American said that "if he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day he would have been accounted one of the wisest." The famous Canon of St. Paul's was born in 1771, the year that gave birth to Sir Walter Scott; he died in 1845 with the honour, love, and troops of friends "which should accompany old age," and it cannot be said that the lapse of half a century has greatly lessened his reputation. It was well for him that he had in his daughter, Lady Holland, not only a sympathetic biographer, but one capable of doing justice to his merits, and the more recent and admirable "Life" by Mr. Stuart Reid throws fresh light upon a character which the reader might have thought he knew familiarly before.¹

It is not proposed in this paper to re-tell the story of Sydney Smith's life. What we shall endeavour to do is to recall some significant circumstances in his career, and a few characteristic traits of a man who, in Lord Macaulay's judgment, was the greatest master of ridicule which England has known since Swift. This is probably true; but it is necessary to add that while the Dean of St. Patrick and the Canon of St. Paul's shared this gift, and were alike also in a generous hatred of injustice, the two distinguished men had little else in common. Sydney Smith's wit did not destroy his reverence. He probably could not have written anything so powerful as the "Tale of a Tub," but it is certain he would not if he could, and it is almost

needless to add that he is wholly free from the offensiveness that mars so much of Swift's most brilliant work.

Sydney was a Winchester boy, when Dr. Joseph Warton was the headmaster of the College, a post which he held in a somewhat lazy fashion for twenty-seven years. In Boswell's "Johnson" his name, and that of his more distinguished brother Thomas, hold a prominent place. When Sydney Smith entered the school, Howley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of the head boys, and in old age the witty Canon thus recalled the fact: "I was at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury. Fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with the chess-board for checkmating him, and now he is attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life." Sydney had a brother named Robert, better known as "Bobus," to whom he was devotedly attached. He was a great classical scholar, and won fame enough in his Eton days to attract the attention of Queen Charlotte. He had edited a school magazine under a *nom de plume*, and one day, seeing the boy on the terrace at Windsor after the announcement that the magazine was about to cease, she called for him and said: "I am sorry, Mr. Smith, to hear of the approaching death of 'Gregory Griffin.' His papers have been to me a great pleasure, and I am grieved to lose so agreeable a companion." Bobus, by the way, had a touch of his brother's humour. "Your profession" (the law), said Sir Henry Holland, "certainly does not make angels of men." "No," quietly answered Bobus, as he glanced with an

¹ "The Life and Times of Sydney Smith, based on Family Documents and the Recollections of Personal Friends," by Stuart J. Reid. Fourth and revised edition. (Sampson Low & Co.)

innocent air at the physician, "no, but yours does." Brotherly affection linked Bobus and Sydney together throughout their lives, and they died within a week or two of each other. Courtenay, a younger brother, who was destined for India, had run up a bill at school for £30, and feared to tell his father of the scrape. At that time Sydney had an Oxford fellowship of £100 a year, upon which, hard though the struggle was, he contrived to live, yet the kind brother undertook by little and little to pay Courtenay's bill. "I did it with my heart's blood," he said; "it was the third of my whole income, for though I never in my life owed a farthing which I was unable to pay, yet my £100 a year was very difficult to spread over the wants of a college life." Difficult, indeed! There are scores of Oxford and Cambridge students who have since Sydney Smith's day found twice that sum wholly insufficient for their wants. Writing of one of the Oxford colleges in the last century, Dean Prideaux said that it was distinguished "for drinking and duncery;" and Sydney, recalling his Oxford days, says that "when he started in life one-third at least of the gentlemen of England were always drunk." There was far too much drinking also in Scotland—"the knuckle end of England" he called it—when Sydney Smith, after his ordination, went to Edinburgh as a tutor to the son of Mr. Hicks-Beach; but never before nor since has that beautiful city been so rich in intellectual life, and it was by no means difficult, as Mr. Reid points out, "for a young man of ordinary ability and education to establish himself in the midst of its pleasant and brilliant society." That Smith, with his agreeable manner and lively humour, received a hearty welcome goes without saying; and among the younger men with whom he became personally acquainted were Jeffrey and Brougham, Walter Scott, and Thomas Campbell. To Sydney belongs the honour of projecting the "Edinburgh Review," and with Jeffrey, Brougham, and Horner as his allies, the first number appeared in October 1802. In the following year Scott became a contributor; but ere long the politics of the "Buff and Blue" offended his conservative instincts, and he entered with alacrity into the plan for establishing a review "which should display similar talent and independence, with a better strain of politics." And so it came to pass that the "Quarterly" appeared in 1809, with three articles from the pen of Scott.

Those were days when journalism was treated as a degrading pursuit, and Mr. Reid quotes the statement of an historian that as late as 1808 "the Benchers of Lincoln's Inn made a bye-law excluding all persons who had written for the daily papers from being called to the Bar. . . . More than twenty years afterwards a Lord Chancellor offended the propriety of his supporters, and excited their animadversions, by asking the editor of the 'Times' to dinner."

The two quarterlies, by raising the tone of periodical literature, did much also for the

newspaper press, and in spite of amazing blunders, in the criticism both of books and life, did much to raise the standard of sound thinking and good writing in the country. Humour, sincerity, and strong common sense were the principal qualities exhibited by Sydney Smith as an Edinburgh Reviewer; but his biographer admits that on some subjects he displayed the grossest prejudice, and that his essays on Dis-senters and on Missionary Societies are a blemish on his reputation. They are more than this, for they show in the case of missions not only an incapacity for understanding a great religious work, but for appreciating the noblest instances of heroism and self-sacrifice to be met with in modern days.

To be religious without enthusiasm was his counsel then and always, and one of his recipes for cheerfulness is to be "firm and constant in the exercise of rational religion," yet he forgot that in worldly affairs enthusiasm is at the basis of every great achievement, and that there can be nothing irrational in intensity of purpose when the most serious of all subjects is concerned. It was owing to this defect that Sydney Smith's sermons—and he became a popular London preacher—do not, as his biographer confesses, "possess the spiritual beauty, intense fervour, or deep devotional feeling of the noblest sermons of the present age." At the same time they had the merit of being eminently practical and fearless.

The issue of the "Review" was a striking event in his Edinburgh life; another was his marriage to Miss Pybus, of Cheam, in Surrey. "I was twenty-two," the young lady wrote; "my mother said if I chose to forego the comforts and luxuries to which I had been born I alone was to be the sufferer; and that of my ability to decide upon what would best constitute my happiness there could be no more doubt than of my right. She had but one wish, that I should be happy." It was, indeed, a true love match, and yielded untold happiness. His wife brought Sydney a modest dowry, and he flung into her lap his entire fortune, which, according to Lady Holland, consisted of six small silver teaspoons. It is interesting to remember that another and even more prominent Edinburgh Reviewer, Francis Jeffrey, also made what would be generally regarded as an improvident match, for he did not at the time make £100 a year by his profession, but his brief married life was far from being an unhappy one.

Three years after his marriage Sydney Smith, with his wife and infant daughter, migrated to London. They were very poor, but before long Mrs. Smith lost her mother, and received as a bequest from her some valuable jewels. "I took the pearls to Rundell & Bridges," she wrote in her old age, "and sold them for £500. This was converting them into a much more useful purpose, and all we most wanted was obtained." It was a time of no slight anxiety, for Smith's prospects were gloomy, but then and throughout life he tried to look on

the bright side of things, and generally succeeded. In his old age he wrote a little essay by way of a recipe for cheerfulness, in which he says :

"Nothing contributes more certainly to the animal spirits than benevolence. Servants and common people are always about you; make moderate attempts to please everybody, and the effort will insensibly lead you to a more happy state of mind. Pleasure is very reflective, and if you give it you will feel it. The pleasure you give by kindness of manner returns to you, and often with compound interest . . . I recommend lights as a great improver of animal spirits. How is it possible to be happy with two mould candles ill-snuffed? You may be virtuous, and wise, and good, but two candles will not do for animal spirits."

Writing to a lady suffering from depression, he says that no one could have endured more from low spirits than he had done, and so, feeling for her, he sends twenty rules for cheerfulness, one of them being to keep good blazing fires; yet it would seem that the melancholy which finds a solace in wax lights and in fires can be due to no "rooted sorrow," and must be pleasant rather than painful. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that at any period of his life Sydney Smith was a gloomy man. When he left London for a country living in Yorkshire it was with regret for much which he had to give up, but he would not allow that he was thrown away in the country, and remembered that he should have greater leisure, that it would be better for his children and for his peace of mind.

"If it be my lot to crawl," he wrote, "I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but as long as I can avoid it, I will never be unhappy. If with a pleasant wife, three children, a good house and farm, many books, and many friends who wish me well, I cannot be happy, I am a very silly, foolish fellow, and what becomes of me is of very little consequence."

Dearly did Sydney Smith love his home, and no husband and father could have known better how to make it happy.

"Neither conversation nor music," Mr. Reid writes, "needed to be hushed when he sat down to his desk, and his pen moved as swiftly in the midst of a happy family group as the tongues of his children. Both at Heslington and Foston the children's hour on all ordinary occasions was duly observed and was looked forward to by them, and remembered in after years with unmixed pleasure. In an evening he would sit in the twilight with his children on his knees or at his feet and thrill them with the sorrowful or laughable adventures, as the case might be, of old-world heroes and their lady-loves . . . No wonder Saba, when a child of eight, should have exclaimed one day when the house was quiet and her mother seemed depressed: 'Why, mamma, I'll tell you what the matter is: you are so melancholy and dull because papa is away; he is so merry that he makes us all gay. A family doesn't prosper, I see, without a papa.'"

As a country clergyman at Foston, in Yorkshire, and afterwards at Combe-Florey, in Somerset, Sydney Smith earned the affection of his people. The rector was a county magistrate, and he also undertook to doctor the sick folk of the village. One act of charity which was greatly appreciated was the gift of a quart of milk daily to a number of poor people in the parish, and when a malignant fever broke out

he did all in his power, we are told, by medical skill and clerical ministrations to lighten the load of sorrow. He loved to have children about him, and was accustomed to employ the little villagers in his grounds. "The haunts of happiness are varied," he would sometimes say; "but I have more often found her among little children, home firesides, and country houses than anywhere else." Like all kind masters, he was a great favourite with his servants, and hardly ever lost one except from marriage or death. "People complain of their servants," he said; "I never had a bad one, but then I study their comforts, and that is one recipe for securing good servants."

The rector took a mischievous delight in making his servants laugh in the presence of visitors; and Lord Brougham relates how at Foston he had seen him at dinner drive them from the room, "with the tears running down their faces, in peals of inextinguishable laughter." And we have Macaulay's testimony that he liked to keep his wife and daughters laughing too. This was said after a pleasant visit to Foston, which led the future historian to add: "I have really taken a great liking to him. He is full of wit, humour, and shrewdness. He is not one of those show-talkers who reserve all their good things for special occasions." Both men, however, being great talkers, clashed sometimes with each other. Smith's witty and weighty sayings arrested attention in almost any society. Macaulay's way of pouring out his vast stores of knowledge was often a little wearisome, and it rejoiced Sydney to discover that after his return from India he had occasionally "flashes of silence."

Sydney Smith was, as all the world knows, a man of brilliant wit and irrepressible humour. In society the success of a good saying depends upon the readiness of the speaker; a *bon mot* that comes a minute too late had better not be uttered; but Smith was never unready for this kind of combat. Like the steeds which stood saddled day and night in Branksome Tower, the right word, the felicitous illustration, and the odd similitude were always at hand for service. There was a pathos and poetical element in Lamb's humour denied to Sydney Smith, whose intellect, far less delicate and subtle, was rarely, if ever, touched by imagination; but both men were so much more than mere wits, that it would be unjust to give too great a prominence to this quality in estimating their worth. When separated from their context "Specimens of wit and humour," says Canon Ainger, "afford under the happiest conditions but melancholy reading;" and it is not proposed to give many instances here of the humour which, when Sydney Smith was a guest, set the table in a roar. At the same time it is as impossible to write about the witty Canon of Bristol without quoting some of his sayings, as it would be to produce an essay on Wordsworth without giving a line of his poetry. It is noteworthy, by the way, that a great humourist in the exercise of his faculty is

almost inevitably led at times to fail in courtesy. Dr. Johnson, sound and kind at heart though he was, did not spare his friends' feelings; and neither Lamb nor Sydney Smith could suppress a humorous saying at their expense. Thus Sydney could say to Mrs. Grote, the cleverest woman he knew: "Go where you will, do what you please, I have the most perfect confidence in your—indiscretion." On another occasion, a baronet who dabbled in politics told Smith with much irritation how he had called on Lord Brougham to make an important communication, and that he had treated him as if he was a fool. "Never mind, my dear fellow," said Sydney in his most sympathetic tones; "never mind, never mind, he thought you knew it."

When it was proposed to place wood pavement round St. Paul's Cathedral, and the subject came up for discussion in the chapter-room, he is reported to have said with his usual innocent look: "If my reverend brethren here will but lay their heads together, the thing will be done in a trice!" This joke, however, is not original, like most of Sydney Smith's, for Lord Chesterfield had made one of a similar kind before him. When it was asked whether the piers of the new Westminster Bridge were to be of stone or wood, he replied: "Oh, of stone to be sure, for we have too many wooden *peers* at Westminster already." And this reminds us of another saying, though not a joke, of Smith's, of which Cowper is the true father.

The poet, alluding to idle reveries, prays to be defended

"from the toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up."

And Smith recalling, though perhaps unconsciously, Cowper's words, says of some fribble: "Yes, he has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; and he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again." Samuel Rogers, it may be remembered, wrote the following epigram on Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley:

"Ward has no heart they say; but I deny it—
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it;"

and the couplet reminds us of a comment passed by Sydney on a lady whom he knew: "Lady L. is a remarkably clever, agreeable woman; but Nature has made one trifling omission—a heart."

Some of his brief and impromptu sayings are of the raciest kind, as, for instance, when the doctor said: "You must take a walk on an empty stomach," and he inquired, "Whose?" or when on some one complaining of the length of speeches, he replied: "Don't talk to me of not being able to cough a speaker down; try the whooping-cough"; or when upon a

child stroking the shell of a turtle, as she said, to please it, Sydney exclaimed: "Why, child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's to please the Dean and Chapter."

He delighted in saying extravagant things especially to people who had not a sufficient sense of fun to appreciate them. Thus he writes:

"Mrs. Jackson called the other day and spoke of the oppressive heat of last week. 'Heat, ma'am!' I exclaimed; 'it was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones.' 'Take off your flesh and sit in your bones, sir? Oh, Mr. Smith! how could you do that?' she exclaimed, with the utmost gravity. 'Nothing more easy, ma'am; come and see next time;' but she ordered her carriage, and evidently thought it a very unorthodox proceeding."

He always enjoyed that kind of broad humour, and one day, having told some innocent young lady that he kept his dog chained up because it had a passion for breakfasting on parish boys, she exclaimed: "Parish boys—does he really eat boys, Mr. Smith?" "Yes, he devours them, buttons and all," was the Canon's reply. One more amusing bit of absurdity claims to be quoted. On hearing that a young Scotchman was about to marry a very fat Irish widow, he exclaimed:

"Impossible, you mean a part of her. It would be a case not of bigamy but trigamy; the neighbourhood or the magistrates should interfere. There is enough of her to furnish wives for the whole parish. One man marry her! it is monstrous. You might people a colony with her, or, perhaps, take your morning walks round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you are in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way and gave it up exhausted. Or you might read the Riot Act and disperse her; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her."

With these illustrations of his wit we must say good-bye to Sydney Smith. Yet we should have liked, had space permitted, to have recalled the illustrious Mrs. Partington and the mop with which she waged war on the Atlantic; the little joke about the man who spoke disrespectfully of the equator; the description of Scotland a hundred years ago; the familiar sketch of the famous statesman who would undertake anything from the building of St. Paul's to the command of the Channel Fleet; and the less known picture of the curate living among sermons and saucepans, lexicons and bacon, Hebrew books and ragged children, "and yet showing in the midst of his worldly misery he has the heart of a gentleman and the spirit of a Christian."

The storehouse of Sydney Smith's wit and wisdom is full to overflowing; but we cannot linger over its good things, and must close Mr. Reid's volume with the promise that our readers will find much in it for profit and delight.

JOHN DENNIS.

Science and Discovery.

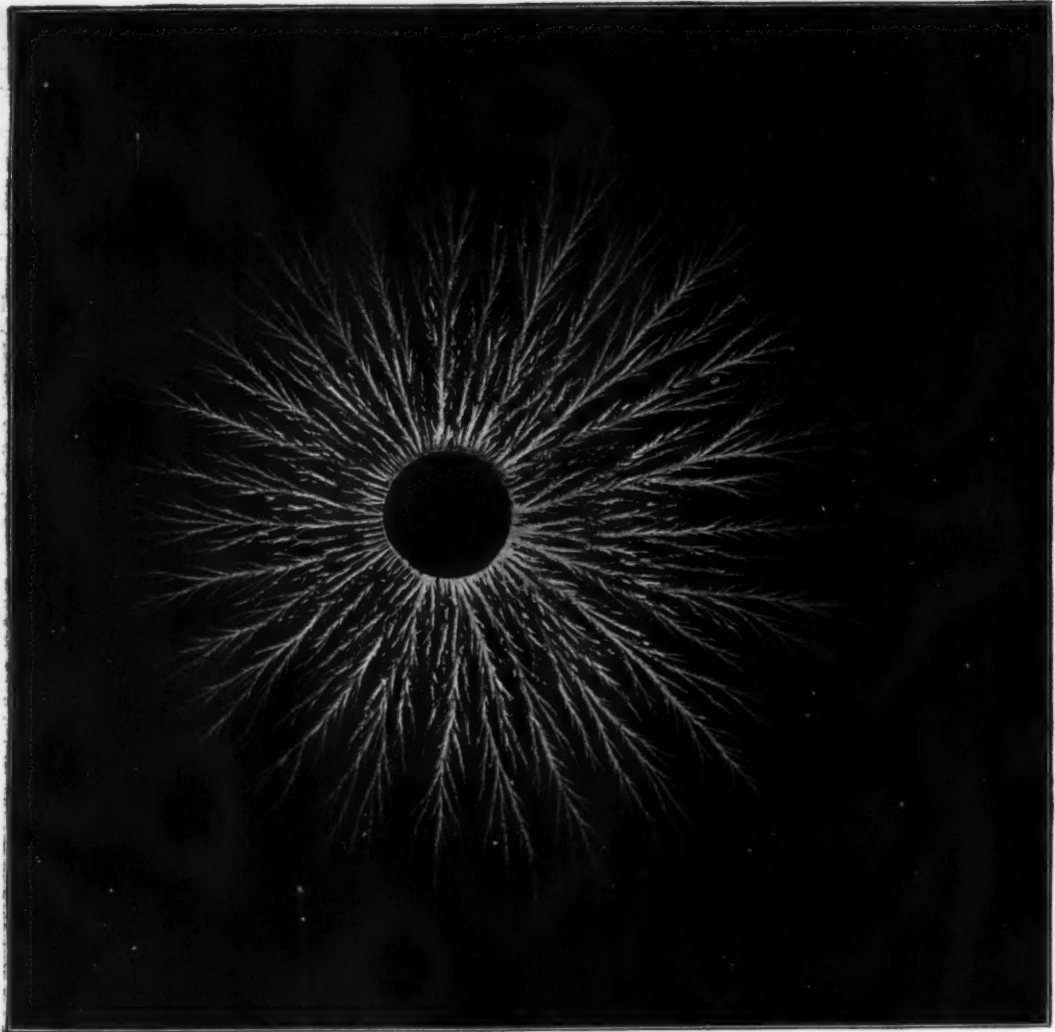


FIG. 1.—ELECTRIC DISCHARGE FROM A METALLIC DISC CONNECTED WITH THE POSITIVE POLE OF AN ELECTRICAL MACHINE.

ELECTRIC WHIRLWINDS.

BY the courtesy of Lord Armstrong and of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. we are able to reproduce here three of the most striking photographs of electrical phenomena ever contributed to science. The pictures are reduced from plates in a sumptuous work entitled "Electric Movement in Air and Water," in which Lord Armstrong brings together the results of investigations which have occupied his attention from time to time during the past half a century, and uses the unim-

peachable evidence of photography to furnish an answer to the question, "What is Electricity?" Into the details of the question this is not the place to enter, even if the limits of a note may be exceeded. Suffice it to state that though an immense amount of knowledge of the laws which govern electrical phenomena has been accumulated, no existing theory of the nature of electricity is completely satisfactory—there is no settled opinion as to what electricity actually is. From Lord Armstrong's photographs, however, a theory may be deduced which altogether does away

THE LEFT DISC IS POSITIVE AND THE RIGHT ONE NEGATIVE.

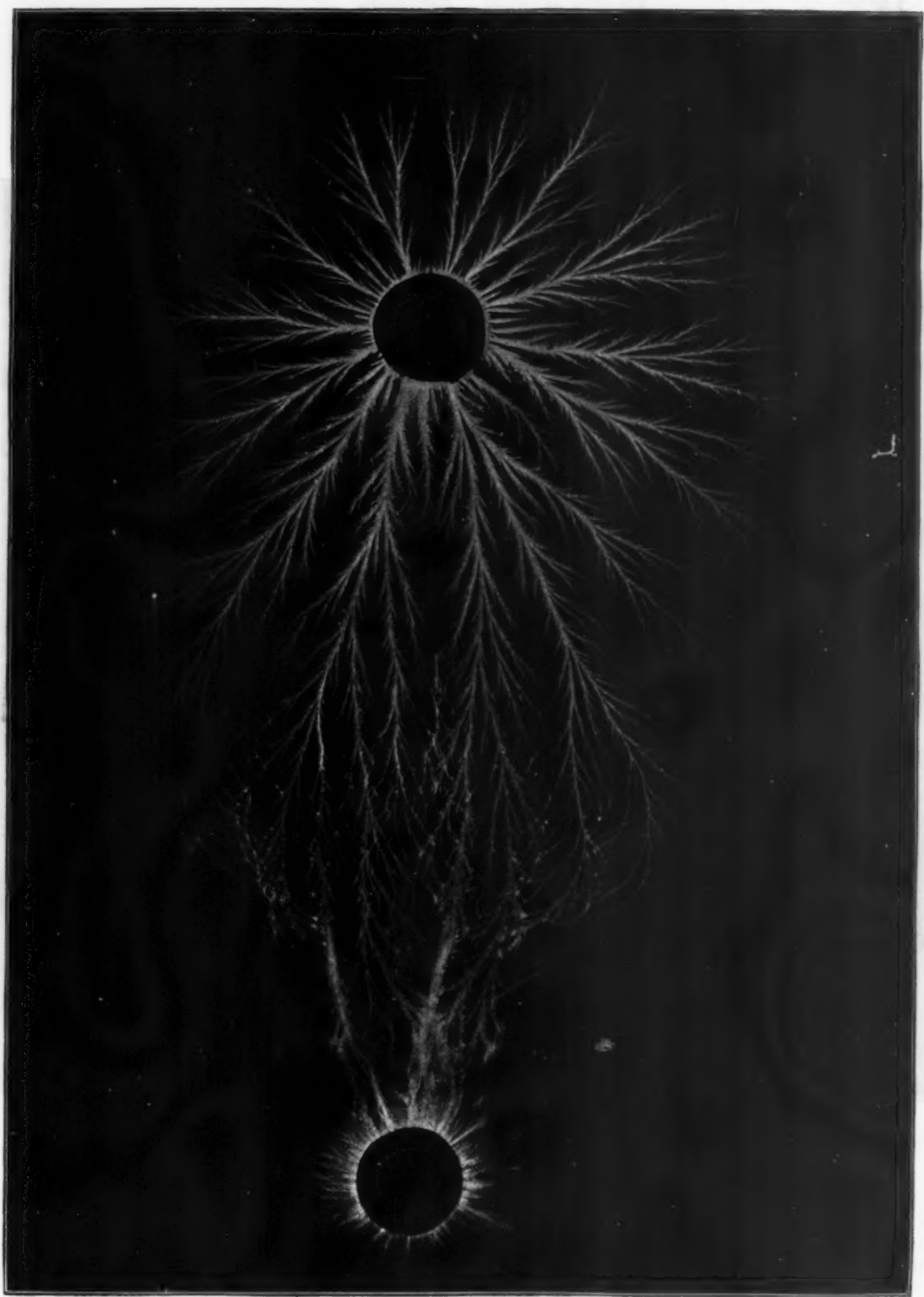


FIG. 2.—ELECTRIC DISCHARGE FROM POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE DISCS, SHOWING THE MUTUAL INFLUENCE BETWEEN THEM.
THE LEFT DISC IS POSITIVE AND THE RIGHT ONE NEGATIVE.

with the idea of electric fluids, and which, moreover, fits in with the views generally accepted as to the constitution of matter. In a few words, the photographs indicate that electricity is a vortex movement, and an electric current a continuous stream of vortex rings similar to those which many smokers are able to puff out of their rounded lips while smoking. The particles of smoke in such rings twist round and round the

Lord Armstrong's pictures, three of which are here reproduced.

A very powerful electrical machine was employed to produce the discharge. The machine was placed in a perfectly darkened room, and a sensitive photographic plate over which a fine and light powder had been sifted was arranged so that when the electricity was discharged the dust would be driven about by the

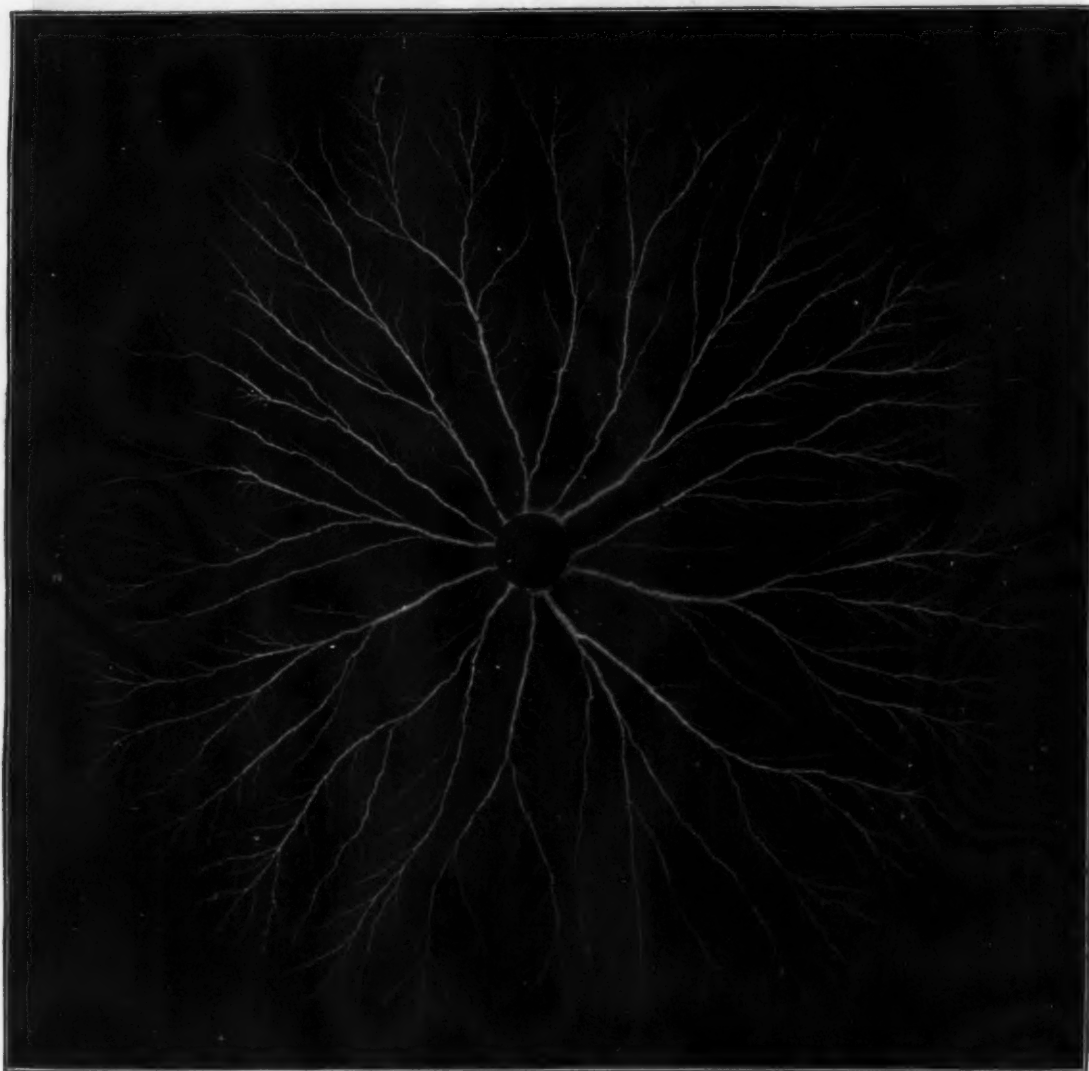


FIG. 3.—CHARACTER OF POSITIVE ELECTRIC DISCHARGE WHEN INFLUENCED BY THE NEGATIVE DISCHARGE WHICH IT CANNOT REACH.

circumference from the front to the back of the ring, so that they are, as it were, sucked in on one face and rush out at the other. If electrical energy partakes of this vortex nature, one end of an electric discharge or current should evidently have different characteristics from the other. It has long been known that this is the case, but the details of the difference have never been shown with anything like the distinctness of

electric streams, and the light would at the same time affect the plate. The electricity thus gives the luminosity which enables it to be caught in the act of setting the dust in commotion, the time required for it to leave its imprint being but a small fraction of a second. The picture shown in fig. 1 was obtained when a metallic disc rested upon the photographic plate and received the positive discharge from the

electrical machine. The black central part of the illustration represents the disc, and the directions in which the electricity spread itself out like the rootlets of a tree are clearly seen. Our second illustration (fig. 2) shows the electric streams when the two opposite discharging discs were brought near to one another. The radiation from the positive disc is seen to be much the same as before on the outer side, but on the inner side the rays are drawn towards the negative disc and consolidate into thicker lines. The illustration also shows clearly that the discharge has different characteristics at the two poles. To produce fig. 3, one of the discs was placed upon a photographic plate and the other below it, the two being separated by only a double thickness of ordinary sheet glass. The difference between this picture and the first one is entirely due to the external influence thus introduced.

It will readily be understood that the significance of the differences in the character of the electric streams under different conditions can only be fully known to scientific specialists. No technical training is necessary, however, in order to be able to appreciate the beauty of Lord Armstrong's pictures, or to realise that they will be of immense service to other investigators who are endeavouring to unravel the mysteries of electrical action.

UNDISCOVERED VIBRATIONS.

It has been pointed out by some one that if our earth were attended by several satellites instead of one, so that a full moon always rose when the sun set, we should have thought that the universe only consisted of a few hundred stars instead of hundreds of thousands, for all the fainter stars would be put out of sight by moonlight. This simple instance will serve to bring out the fact—long recognised by students of metaphysics—that we must not limit the universe to those objects and phenomena which come within our perceptions. Our ears are sensitive to sounds produced by vibrations between certain limits, and our eyes to other vibrations comprised within certain other limits, but obviously we must not conclude that no vibrations take place outside these limits. Sir William Crookes stated these limitations very clearly in an address lately published by the Society for Psychical Research. The lowest musical note which the average human ear can comprehend is produced by thirty-two vibrations per second, and the highest by about thirty-two thousand vibrations per second. Vibrations more rapid than these cannot be heard by us, though their existence admits of easy proof; indeed, animals having organs of hearing more highly developed than ours may communicate with one another by sounds of this character.

Passing from the air to vibrations in the omnipresent medium we call ether, the slowest of these manifest themselves as electric waves, lately utilised for telegraphy without wires. From the highest electrical vibrations of this kind to the lowest luminous vibrations there is a gap—an undiscovered region—which, it is reasonable to suppose, will some day be explored; and

there is a similar unknown region between the highest vibrations of light and the vibrations which possibly produce the X-rays discovered by Professor Röntgen. There are thus two distinct gaps in the gamut of ethereal vibrations—two intervals in which we seem to be as yet unable either to sound the notes or detect them. The regions may comprise "brain-waves," or be in some way connected with the transmission of thought and intelligence from one person to another. Wild as this may seem, it is not beyond the bounds of legitimate speculation; for it is certain that men of science are only now on the threshold of a vast domain, and that ethereal vibrations will be discovered having even more remarkable functions and capabilities than any yet investigated.

SUNSHINE AND DISEASE.

Sweetness and light go together, like darkness and disease. Everyday experience teaches us this, and proves the Italian proverb which says, "Where the sun does not enter, the doctor does." The sanitary powers of sunshine have, indeed, long been recognised by the people of many nations, though the "why" and the "wherefore" of the action has not been understood. It was left to Professor Marshall Ward to prove that the hygienic effects were due to the direct destruction of bacteria by certain light-rays, and not by heat-rays. The spores of the bacillus of anthrax, for instance, were found by him to be directly killed by rays of blue-violet light, whereas the same spores are not killed by mere boiling for a minute or two, and may be kept alive in fairly hot water for days. It results from this, that disease germs are less numerous in the summer than in the winter months, and less in bright than in dull, sunless weather. The bacillus of the bubonic plague at Bombay, though very hardy, has lately been proved to succumb to the same influence of light. In fact, sunshine appears to be its most powerful natural enemy—two or three hours' exposure to the solar rays being sufficient to destroy it. We are thus given another proof that sunshine in the houses and streets is as essential to the health of a city as cleanliness.

TELEGRAPHY WITHOUT WIRES.

It sometimes happens that delicately suspended magnets on the earth tremble violently while an abnormal disturbance is taking place upon the sun. How is this disturbance transmitted through ninety-three millions of miles of space? No one can reply to this question completely; and, to supply an answer at all, it is necessary to assume that so-called empty space is filled with an intangible medium capable of transmitting, not only the vibrations of light, but also vibrations of electricity. We are able to produce light by many artificial means; in other words, we can easily start luminous vibrations. But it is only in recent years that methods of producing and detecting electric waves have been discovered. The invention of sources of electric vibrations, and of instruments

which are sensitive to such waves, just as the eye is sensitive to vibrations of light, has supplied mankind with a new means of communication. For some time past paragraphs have appeared with reference to the use of such vibrations in the new telegraphy, which permits signals to be sent through space without the intervention of wires; but it was only a few weeks ago that Mr. W. H. Preece, chief electrician to the Post Office, made an authoritative statement upon the results of experiments with an apparatus improved by Mr. Marconi.

Electric waves are set up by a torrent of sparks passing between two solid brass balls four inches in diameter. They spread out like the waves which emanate from a submarine torpedo when it is exploded, and they can be detected at a considerable distance from their source by means of a very sensitive receiver, which, to use a musical analogy, is tuned in unison with the electric note emitted. The receiver is thus influenced by the vibrations from the transmitter, just as the magnetic needles upon the earth are affected by an explosion upon the sun. When the waves are started or interrupted at the transmitter, the distant receiver is started or stopped, so that signals made at the sending station are repeated at the detecting station. In this way electric signals have been transmitted across the Bristol Channel for a distance of nearly nine miles, and this without the employment of connecting wires or anything of the kind. Hills and apparent obstructions fail to stop the waves, which are also independent of the weather; rain, fogs, snow, and wind availing nothing. Many messages can be sent in any direction at the same time, for if a hundred receivers are tuned in electrical sympathy with the transmitter, each may be used as a detector of the signals sent out.

JOINTLESS RAILWAY LINES.

Travellers in railway carriages do not always realise that the rhythmic thumpety-thump of the train is due to the wheels passing over the joints between successive rails. According to scientific text-books, a small interval must be left between each rail and the next to allow for expansion in the heat of the sun. If this rule is not obeyed, the rails, we have been taught, will buckle up or arrange themselves zigzag fashion. In spite of this awkward "law of motion," American engineers have been of late disregarding the danger and making continuous rails. Not only is the bulk of the vibration thereby got rid of, but the rails can be utilised as conductors for the electric current driving the electric railways. It is found that if the rails are welded together and very firmly bolted to the sleepers, their elasticity is sufficient to resist the expansion without crushing and the contraction without tearing asunder. The welding is done by means of a strong electric current, which raises the ends of the rails to a white heat. On being pressed together, a joint is formed which is firmer than the rail itself. Another method is to surround the two ends with a fire-proof box and to pour in melted iron. This makes a good joint, and, when the superfluous iron is removed, the two rails are found to be welded into one.

AN INDUSTRY FOR SPIDERS.

In this utilitarian age every effort is made to chain natural forces to the wheels of industry and convert natural products into pounds, shillings, and pence. Several attempts have been made to use the gossamer threads spun by spiders as a substitute for silk, but we do not remember any such schemes which have been successfully carried out. In France and Pennsylvania, however, an industry has recently sprung up, which consists of the farming of spiders for the purpose of stocking wine-cellar, and thus securing almost immediate coating of cobwebs to new wine-bottles, giving them the appearance of great age! This industry is carried on in a little French village in the Department of Loire, and near Philadelphia, where species of cobweb-spinning spiders are bred in large quantities and sold to wine merchants at the rate of ten dollars per hundred.

R. A. GREGORY.

THE NEW LONDON ELECTRIC RAILWAYS.

London is now being mined from end to end by new underground electric railways, and we shall soon be whirled from one side of the great metropolis to the other at the rate of about twenty miles an hour. The success of the City and South London Electric Railway—the pioneer of this class of line—has no doubt largely contributed to this result. That very interesting work was opened toward the close of 1890, and a number of new schemes were soon promoted. In a very real sense they were certainly wanted, for the need of cheap and speedy transit about the great city seems constantly to increase, and the greater the number of trams, buses, and railway lines that rattle and speed through the metropolis, the more they seem to be required. At the present time no fewer than nine new railways, or extensions of existing railways, are being made, authorised to be made, or are before Parliament. The first of these, the Waterloo and City Railway, has long been needed, and will probably be opened this year. The line will convey the enormous South-Western traffic from Waterloo Station and neighbourhood to the Mansion House, in the heart of the City, and to a spot where it can communicate with other underground lines. The City and Waterloo line was commenced in June 1894, so that it will only have been about three years in construction. It is short—about one and a half mile in length—and has no stations except its two termini. Commencing at a depth of thirty-six feet under the north of Waterloo Station, it proceeds in two iron tubes—one for up and the other for down, traffic—sloping gradually to the Thames, which it approaches near the south-western end of Blackfriars Bridge. Passing under the river, and still descending, the line reaches a depth of seventy-eight feet, where it burrows beneath the underground "District" Railway before Blackfriars Station. Thus we have two underground lines at this point, one below the other. Then it passes under Queen Victoria Street, and climbs upward again, until it rests at a level of sixty-five feet below the ground at the Mansion House. Lifts will be at the disposal of passengers at this station, but at the

other terminus, where it is some thirty feet less deep, inclined planes are deemed sufficient.

In constructing this railway the engineer, the late Mr. Greathead, and Messrs. Mowlem, the contractors, first built a staging of timber in the Thames near Blackfriars Bridge, and carried down two circular shafts of cast iron many feet below the bed of the river. Then they began to bore out the tunnels in either direction—south-west to Waterloo and north-east to the Mansion House—the excavated earth, or “spoil,” as engineers call it, being brought up the circular shafts, and carried away easily and cheaply in barges.

Mechanical excavators, worked by hydraulic power, were used, and circular tunnels were built up of cast iron in the hollows thus made, looking like gigantic tubes as they proceeded; the trains, in fact, will run on rails in these immense pipes, the tops of the pipes, or tunnels, being about twenty-four feet below the river bed when passing under the Thames. And all the boring has been conducted without any sign of disturbance above ground, except the staging on the Thames, or some disarrangement of the pathway at Waterloo.

There has been much more sign, however, of the Central London, another of these underground railways that is being rapidly pushed forward. This line—which was successfully floated as a scheme in 1895, and of which the engineers are Sir B. Baker, Sir J. Fowler, and the late Mr. J. H. Greathead—extends from Shepherd's Bush in the west to Liverpool Street in the City, a distance of some six and a half miles; and at various points along the line of route demolished buildings or hoardings may be seen, where the men descend below or where stations are to be built. This line will have no fewer than fourteen stations; and in February 1897 the work had proceeded so far that ten shafts had been sunk and fifteen shields were at work in the tunnels, while substantial progress had been made with the subway at the Bank Station, where other electric lines will communicate with the Central London. Shields were used in constructing the pioneer line—the City and South London—and consist in principle of a large cylinder, slightly larger than the actual tunnel, and with a sharp cutting edge. Within the cylinder, a short distance from the edge, is fixed a large shutter, so that the earth cannot fall within the “shield.” But the shutter has one or more doors, which, being opened, reveal the earth to be excavated on the other side. A small amount of the London clay having been dug out, the whole shield is urged forward by powerful hydraulic rams, and the edge cuts its way through the clay, which falls into the hole already cut out, and can then be cleared away and removed by waggons. Behind the shield, and in the tunnel thus formed, the plates of iron for the lining of the tunnel are riveted together. A “grouting” of liquid cement is forced through pipes between the clay and the iron plates, so that when it sets hard there is an outer coating of rock-like stone around the tunnel. In cutting such tunnels, where the soil is loose and watery compressed air is used to keep out the water, as in the notable case of the Blackwall

Tunnel, and in part at least of the City and South London.

Such, briefly, was the process employed in excavating the pioneer line, and no doubt it will be, in essence, the method pursued with regard to all, or most, of the other lines. These other lines, in addition to those mentioned, may be thus briefly stated, the names indicating their line of route: The City and West End, from Cannon Street to Hammersmith Broadway, having fourteen stations; the Charing Cross, St. Pancras, and Hampstead line, with ten stations; the Great Northern and City, with five stations; the Waterloo and Baker Street (which will communicate with the new Manchester and Sheffield line to London), with five stations; the Deep District Railway, from Earl's Court—where many of the existing metropolitan lines would be tapped—to the City, with three stations (but if constructed it is the intention of the directors to run frequent expresses to the City); the Piccadilly Circus and Kensington, with the two terminal stations; and last, though by no means least, the extensions of the present City and South London to Clapham (from Stockwell) on the one side, and to the Angel at Islington on the other. The lines will no doubt vary greatly in some details. Thus the Waterloo and Baker Street line will probably be only fifteen feet under the ground at Waterloo Station, but will be sixty-eight feet under Regent's Park and eighty-five under Oxford Street. These great depths do not appear to add to the cost of construction under the system described, for the estimate for the Waterloo and Baker Street line, two miles seven furlongs long, in tunnels eleven feet in diameter, was estimated at £990,000, with £32,000 for contingencies. The City and Waterloo, one and a half miles, will cost something less than £500,000. On the other hand, the comparatively short open-air line of the South-Eastern Company from Charing Cross to Cannon Street and London Bridge cost £4,000,000, or £1,000 per foot. The comparison, however, is not fair, as, in his evidence before the Parliamentary Committee in 1892, Sir Myles Fenton stated this to be the most expensive railway in the world. No doubt the purchase of properties necessary to obtain the ground greatly added to the expense, while the Baker Street and Waterloo line have free way-leave through the subsoil.

The power used on these new lines will be electricity, the Joint Committee of Lords and Commons deciding in 1892, when several of the schemes were considered by Parliament, that electricity was specially suitable as a motive power on underground railways. Of late years electric traction has greatly increased. The United States has some 1,300 miles of electric tram or railways open, Germany has over 250 miles, France eighty-one, and now the seventy-six miles of the United Kingdom is in process of being greatly increased. There are several methods of conveying electricity to the motor on the engine: one by storage accumulators carried on the vehicles themselves; another by a cable in a conduit between the lines; and a third by carrying a wire on posts overhead, this last system being greatly in vogue in America and on the Continent. The electricity is taken off the conductor by the train in various ways, sometimes by

copper brushes touching the conductor, and sometimes by a little carriage travelling on the conductor and connected with the train. On the City and South London the electricity is conducted on a steel bar, insulated on supports of glass, and placed between the rails; two "shoes" are attached to the engine in such a manner that they glide over the bar and gather its electricity as the train rushes onward. Such a method is safe in a small underground tunnel, where the traffic prac-

tically consists of the trains only, but it would be far too dangerous for the open air. The cost of running electric cars by the overhead system has been calculated by Sir Douglas Fox at 4½d per mile. Every prospect, therefore, seems favourable for the success of these lines, and London is on the eve of opening up a new and very useful wonder for the service of her citizens.

F. M. HOLMES.

Continental and American Notes.

River-side
Promenade
Pier.

New York has received a unique addition to the small parks and open spaces in the crowded and poorer parts of the city. At the foot of Third Street, on the beautiful East River, there is a large pier belonging to the city, used only for the landing of garden and farm produce on its way from Long Island to the city markets. This pier was recently decked over with a substantial floor, built on a framework of steel, and at the beginning of the summer the upper pier was thrown open as a river-side resort. Part of it is used for promenading, and part of it is furnished with seats. It is open night and day, as all the parks in New York are in the summer months, and when the hot nights came the pier was thronged with working people who preferred to sleep on mats and rugs in the open air to sleeping in the small, close, and ill-ventilated rooms of the tenement houses. In many of the large cities there is much sleeping out of doors during the excessively hot months of July and August. Many people sleep in their gardens and on their roofs, and people, who have comfortable but not roomy homes, oftentimes, when the summer heat is at its worst, take blankets with them and spend the night on the grass in the public parks. During the intensely hot season of 1896 whole families spent the nights in this fashion in the parks in Brooklyn.

Our Lady of
the Snows.

The people of Canada sincerely appreciated the English expressions of goodwill towards them which followed the partial breaking down by the Fielding Tariff of the Customs House barriers, which from 1879 had confronted England, equally with all other countries, seeking trade with the Dominion. Some of these expressions, as embodied in the editorial articles of the London newspapers, were read in the House of Commons at Ottawa, and were received with outbursts of enthusiasm. The interchanges of the Jubilee celebrations have still further strengthened this feeling. Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stirring poem is still remembered. The Canadian people welcomed the sentiment so eloquently expressed. They thought it a little unfortunate, however, that it should have been addressed to "Our Lady of the Snows." Only those who have lived in Canada can under-

stand how the material advancement of the country has suffered from the perpetual, and often thoughtless, linking of the name of Canada with her winter climate. Art and literature, and especially the pictorial art, have in this way done Canada irretrievable harm. In one way and another they have harped so long and so exclusively on the winter side of Canadian life, that people who have not lived the whole year round in the Dominion seldom think of Canada without some snow-clad scene coming into mind. Children in England get this idea in their school days, and the idea thus imbibed remains for life. One result of this hard usage of Canada in literature and art has been the difficulty of turning the stream of British emigration in the direction of Canada; and Canada has been colonised at a rate which has been exceedingly slow and disappointing to her own people, and to her best friends in the Mother Country. Canada undoubtedly has a rigorous winter climate; but as a Canadian poet reminded Kipling in the "Toronto Globe," she has also seven months of sunshine—seven months of bright spring-time, glowing summer, and gorgeous autumn. The feeling of Canada towards Kipling, and his idea concerning the "Lady of the Snows," was expressed in the words of the invitation extended to him by the newspaper poet:

Come over and see, good Rudyard,
My Spring, my Summer, my Fall,
And you'll own that for perfect weather
My specimen "downs 'em all."
I will treat you to air that's nectar,
And a sky that no other land shows;
Then, after seven months of sunshine,
Call me "Lady of the Snows"!
No; I've just enough of Winter
To give a glow to my cheek;
Call me "Queen of the Northern Maples,"
If a fancy title you seek.
But give me a name less chilly,
For one in whose bosom glows
A warm, deep love for the Empire,
Than "Our Lady of the Snows."

A remarkable man, Sebastian Kneipp, Roman Catholic curé of the village of Wörishofen, in Bavaria, has just died. He had reached the ripe age of seventy-six, having

been born in 1821 near the town of Ottobeuren. Until his twenty-first year Kneipp worked as a weaver, but a serious illness turned his thoughts to religion, and he began to study for the Church. At the age of thirty-one he was consecrated priest, and four years later arrived in Wörishofen as the village curate, the place which has since become famous all over Europe for its great hydropathic establishment under Kneipp's direction. It was during his own severe illness that he had his attention first directed to the efficacy of water as a cure. It cured him, why should it not cure others? Shortly after his arrival in Wörishofen he began to elaborate his "cure." He was absolutely without scientific attainments, and many of his receipts and prescriptions he took from observing the ways and traditions of the surrounding villagers. For example, his famous cure for rheumatism in the lower limbs and for diseases of the joints of the feet occurred to him from observing the practice of the villagers afflicted in this way of walking barefooted in the early morning through dewy fields on certain saints' days. He first published his system in book form in 1887 under the title, "My Water Cure." The work has already passed through fifty editions. Kneipp's complete sincerity, his absolute belief in the efficacy of water, and his own personal character have won for his "cure" hosts of enthusiastic disciples all over the Continent, and the establishment at Wörishofen was visited by sick people from all countries of the civilised world.

A New Passion Play.

The village of Stieldorf, near Bonn-on-the Rhine, bids fair to become the rival of the famous Bavarian village of Ober-Ammergau. After long-continued efforts the villagers of the little hamlet have succeeded in obtaining the Kaiser's sanction to the performance of a passion play, on the lines of the world-famous Bavarian spectacle. The play is divided into fourteen scenes from the last days of our Lord's life, as follows: Christ's entry into Jerusalem; the departure from Bethany; the Last Supper; deliberation of the Sanhedrim with Judas; Christ on the Mount of Olives; Christ before Annas the High Priest; Christ before the Sanhedrim; Christ before Pontius Pilate; Christ before Herod; Christ condemned to death; Christ bearing His Cross; the Crucifixion; at the grave of the Redeemer; and finally the Resurrection. The part of Christ is taken by a peasant called Peter Wolter, a dark-haired man with a melancholy and dreary cast of countenance. Those who have seen him in the more terrible scenes of the awful drama say that he impresses and thrills the spectators to a greater degree than Joseph Mayer of Ober-Ammergau; that his acting is more realistic and not so refined as that of the famous Bavarian. The Stieldorf people draw no pecuniary advantage from their play. They were deeply conscious of the irreligion and indifference of their neighbours, and struck on this device for reviving the piety which used to be characteristic of the Rhine villagers.

Varieties.

The Queen learning Chess.

In the "Recollections of a Long Life," by Lord Broughton, better known by his former name of Sir John Cam Hobhouse, are some pleasant anecdotes of the Queen, not found in the many books of this famed "Diamond Jubilee" year. The reason is that Lord Broughton's "Recollections" were printed for private circulation, and not what is commonly called "published," or issued for sale. For example, we are told that the little Princess at the age of thirteen, although "treated in every respect like a grown-up woman," retained the charming simplicity and naturalness of girlhood in her ways and manner. At a dinner-party at Kensington in 1832 she listened to all the conversation, and seemed especially amused with the talk of Lord Durham, one of the guests on that occasion. When she left the company "she courtesied round very prettily to all the guests, and then ran out of the room." After her accession Her Majesty greatly delighted Sir John, then somewhat of a Radical, by sending for him and having a good long chat about the affairs of his office. But it is about chess that we note this anecdote. The Queen of the Belgians was fond of chess, so our Queen said she must learn to play before her relative came to pay a visit at Windsor. Palmerston and Hobhouse advised Her Majesty what moves to make. There was joking about the two pairs of queens on the board and at the

table, and Victoria, having lost the first day and winning the next forenoon, on Sir John Cam Hobhouse coming in, she ran to him laughing, and telling him she had won; asking him how she had played so badly. "Because your Majesty had such bad advisers," was the witty reply, at which the Queen laughed heartily. Lord Broughton takes care to record this, but really his book of "Recollections" contains many good things about the early years of the reign of Queen Victoria.

A New Diversion of Purley.

Among the many local ways of celebrating the Queen's sixty years' reign, that of Mr. Joseph Laurence, of Kenley, is worthy of special notice. The Caterham valley is one of the most picturesque and popular regions near London, and Mr. Laurence is raising a public hall for the benefit of the village of Kenley and the adjoining village of Purley, famous in history as the residence of John Horne Tooke, a man notable both in literature and in politics. His work on philology had the remarkable title "ἐπετα πτερόεντα," with the strange second title "Diversions of Purley," referring to the village where he then lived. Originally educated for the Church, he abandoned the clerical profession, and as a layman entered Parliament. Much trouble he gave there, with the result that a Bill was passed making it

illegal for anyone in holy orders sitting and voting in the House of Commons. Nonconformists, not having been episcopally ordained, could still be members of Parliament, as not a few have been and still are. It afterwards appeared that John Horne Tooke had good reason for quitting the Church and disclaiming his clerical position, for by his will he left his property to children who were illegitimate. But his name lives in literature as the author of the "Divisions of Purley." Mr. Laurence may not have known these historical details; and his generous gift of the Town Hall, with library and other benefits, to the people of Kenley and Purley is a worthy commemoration of the Queen's sixty years' reign.

At page 542 of the "Leisure Hour" (June part), a reference was made to the royal house of Wurtemberg, an ancestor of whom married our last Princess Royal of England, a daughter of George III. It is interesting to add that the present King and Queen of Wurtemberg were in London in June 1897, and that on their return to Stuttgart, the king's only child, the Princess Pauline, remained on a visit to the Duchess of Albany, her aunt. At the bazaar superintended by the Duchess of Albany at the Imperial Institute, Kensington, for a charitable purpose at Deptford, a very active part was taken by the Princess Pauline, and everyone attributed to her a large share of the success of the charitable effort, which brought nearly £2,000.

On February 5, 1885, the country was startled by the news of the fall of Khartoum and General Gordon's death. Jowett was thoroughly roused. He blamed the Ministry for allowing Gordon to go to Khartoum without adequate support, and regarded their conduct throughout as weak and discreditable. For Gordon he had the greatest admiration. His character was, indeed, one peculiarly attractive to Jowett—a combination of religion and practical sense, of mysticism and efficiency, which, in his heart of hearts, he regarded as the highest form of character attainable by human nature. Writing to a friend, he says: 'Gordon's life is a possession for the English people. He will be one of their heroes in time to come. I am afraid he convicts most of us of being shams.' And in a sermon preached in the College Chapel he spoke of him in Wordsworth's language as the 'happy warrior' whom every man in arms would wish to be.—"*Life of Jowett*," by Campbell and Abbot.

The Master of Balliol had some special favourites, which he called his "Sunday books." Richard Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Augustine's "Confessions," and John Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" were the chief. The "Imitation of Christ" he also loved, but placed it a step lower than Bunyan's book, because he felt that so much religious fervour is not tempered by good sense and knowledge of the world. "It is impossible, and contrary to human nature," he said, "to expect to sustain this passionate self-effacement and continuous aspiration, while we have to live in this world. Even

in the cloister, as Thomas à Kempis was, man thus debased before God is no proper nor rational worshipper of Him."

In a recent number of "The Musician" we find some anecdotes which show Johannes Brahms to have been also a man of humour. "A 'cellist, complaining of Brahms's loud playing on the piano—rather a common complaint with 'cellists—exclaimed, 'But I cannot hear myself.' 'You happy man!' was the rejoinder. More directly amusing was his cynical criticism on Rubinstein's *Nero*. A few musicians were discussing that work, which had just been given for the first time; one censured this, another that, and a third something else, when Brahms, who had been listening quietly all the time, said simply, 'I think that Nero's character has been excellently pictured. It is indeed cruel music.'"

The heathen of old fancied that their heroes or patriarchs, by great, and, as they were called, *heroic* actions—by valour, courage, slaughter, and conquest of their enemies, usually attended with pride, cruelty, and oppression—made their way into heaven. The way of God's heroes, of the patriarchs of His Church and people, unto their rest and glory, unto the enjoyment of the Divine promises, was by faith, patience, long-suffering, humility, enduring persecution, self-denial, and the spiritual virtues, generally reckoned in the world as pusillanimity, and despised. So contrary are the judgments and ways of God and men, even about what is good and praiseworthy.—*Dr. J. Owen*.

In the churchyard of St. Peter's at Dorchester there is a bronze statue in memory of the Rev. William Barnes, the poet, and the preserver of Dorsetshire dialect and folklore. The pedestal is thus inscribed:

WILLIAM BARNES.
1801-1886.

Zoo now I hope his kindly feace
Is gone to vind a better pleace;
But still wi' vo'k a-left behind
He'll always be a-kept in mind.

That the last line speaks truly may be seen in the following anecdote. An English artist and traveller was looking at the statue, and, although a man of more than ordinary intelligence, had to confess to himself that he did not know who the William Barnes thus memorialised could be. There are so many notable people in the world, and their numbers ever increasing, that it is impossible to keep them all in memory. Just then a Dorchester man came in sight, and to him the stranger appealed for information. "Not know who William Barnes was!" he exclaimed in a tone of surprise if not reproach. "Why, I thought everybody knew him. He was a great Dorset poet, and wrote his poems in the good old Dorset dialect, like what you read on that inscription. What Burns is to Scotland, Barnes is to Dorset."—"On Southern English Roads," by J. J. Hissey.

[Mr. Hissey is a personal friend of Richard Bentley, the publisher who has issued a series of annual volumes, of which this is the seventh, describing a tour through Somerset, Wilts, Dorset, Hants, and Sussex. In previous volumes other parts of England have been described, the author preferring to take his annual holiday by driving rather than by rivers or railways. Thus Mr. Hissey has thoroughly explored the regions from Berwick on Tweed to the Land's End, and from the Isle of Thanet to St. David's, bringing to the notice of his countrymen, as the "Spectator" says, "the neglected beauties of their own land." Every volume is amply illustrated, this seventh road tour having sixteen full-page pictures by the author, as well as plans and maps.]

The First Crossing of Spitzbergen. A book has been published by Sir William Conway under this title, containing his travels and adventures in Arctic regions. The first crossing of Greenland by Nansen is at once suggested, and it is to be feared that for a time at least too little attention will be given to any other Arctic explorer, even though he has distinguished himself as Sir Hugh Conway has in tropical Indian as well as Swiss mountaineering, and in fact in every region of the globe! However, here is his own account of the Spitzbergen island, which we have known so long, and which Nansen's last voyage, and the relief expeditions, are likely to keep under notice of geographers. He says: "We crossed overland from Advent Bay to Klok Bay, from Klok Bay to Sassen Bay, and from Sassen to Agardh Bay, on the east coast, and back to Advent Bay. We made in all thirteen mountain ascents. We brought home a sketch survey of an area of about 600 square miles in the heart of the interesting middle belt of the country, besides a more rapid outline survey of the hills on either side of Wijde Bay, taking also hundreds of photographs. In addition, fortune enabled us to perform, round the coasts of Spitzbergen, the most complete voyage of reconnaissance ever accomplished in a single season. We almost circumnavigated the main island. We visited and entered to their heads all the great fjords that penetrate it, except Van Keulen's Bay, Cross Bay, Liefde Bay, and Lomme Bay. We saw the west, north, and south coasts of North-East Land, from Cape Platen to Cape Mohn." In the interests alike of science and industry Sir William Conway describes Spitzbergen as a neglected "no-man's land," with population diminishing; without any regulations as to fisheries; without any close time for bird or beast, and everything going to

destruction. He strongly advocates the annexation of the islands by the Norwegians, as the Power most likely to save them from desolation.

"The Woes of John Trelill." Many of our readers will be glad to hear of the separate issue of Mr. Charles Lee's amusing Cornish tale, re-named now "The Widow Woman." The "Daily Chronicle" describes it as "altogether delightful," and says: "The story is one which every lover of good humour, good observation, and good writing will read with pleasure." It is published by James Bowden (at 2s.).

The Chief Rabbi. The portrait prefixed to our account of the work of the Jewish Board of Guardians is that of the Rev. Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, who died in 1890, father of the present Rabbi, Dr. Hermann Adler.

Astronomical Notes for August. The Sun rises at Greenwich on the 1st day at 4h. 26m. in the morning, and sets at 7h. 46m. in the evening; on the 15th he rises at 4h. 47m., and sets at 7h. 21m. The Moon enters her First Quarter at 6h. 25m. on the evening of the 5th, becomes Full at 2h. 23m. on the afternoon of the 12th; enters her Last Quarter at 8h. 29m. on the morning of the 20th; and becomes New at 3h. 29m. on that of the 28th. She will be in perigee, or nearest the Earth, about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 7th, and in apogee, or farthest from us, about the same hour on the morning of the 20th. No eclipses or other special phenomena of importance are due during the month. The planet Mercury will be at greatest eastern elongation from the Sun on the evening of the 26th, and will be visible in the evening, after sunset, about that time. Venus is a morning star, situated in the constellation Gemini, and moving into Cancer towards the end of the month. Mars is in the western part of Virgo and sets about an hour after the Sun; being now a faint object, it is scarcely possible to see him, low as he is in the heavens, with the evening twilight not quite gone, and after this month he will not be visible to us until next year. Jupiter is in Leo, and, though now visible for a short time after sunset, will cease to be so in the course of the month. Saturn is in the eastern part of the constellation Libra, setting now about 11 o'clock in the evening, and earlier as the month advances; for a considerable part of it, he will be the only planet visible in the evening after half-past 8 o'clock.

W. T. LYNN.

The Fireside Club.

I. IDEAL HOLIDAYS.

1. "Forth they came and paced the shore,
Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce
believed
(The sootflake of so many a summer still
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea."

2. "Oh, a day in the city square, there's no such pleasure in life!"
3. "Oh, how some of these idle fellows longed to be outside, and how they looked at the open door and window, as if they half meditated rushing violently out, plunging into the woods, and being wild boys and savages from that time forth. What rebellious thoughts of the cool river, and some shady bathing-

place beneath willow-trees with branches dipping in the water, kept tempting and urging that sturdy boy, who, with his shirt-collar unbuttoned and flung back as far as it could go, sat fanning his flushed face with a spelling-book, wishing himself a whale, or a tittlebat, or a fly, or anything but a boy at school on that broiling hot day. . . . The day was made for laziness and lying on one's back in green places, and staring at the sun till its brightness forced one to shut one's eyes and go to sleep; and was this a time to be poring over musty books in a dark room?"

4. "A' ken their solemn holiday,
Bestial and human,
The singin' lantie on the brae,
The restin' plou'man.
He, mair than a' the lave o' men,
His week completit joys to ken;
Half-dressed, he daunders out an' in,
Perplext wi' leisure;
An' his raxt limbs he'll rax again
Wi' painfu' plesure."

5. "I'd sooner ha' brewin' day and washin' day together than one o' these pleasin' days. There's no work so tirin' as danglin' about an' starin' an' not rightly knowin' what you're goin' to do next; and keepin' your face i' smilin' order like a grocer o' market day for fear people shouldna' think you civil enough. An' you've nothing to show for 't when it's done, if it isn't a yellow face wi' eatin' things as disagree."

6. "Day hath put on his jacket, and around
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,
And hold communion with the things about
me. . . .

The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets
Where Nature stows away her loveliness."

7. "I like to think, for my part, of the gallant young fellow taking his pleasure and enjoying his holiday. Few sights are more pleasant than to watch a happy, manly English youth, freehanded and generous hearted, content and good-humour shining on his honest face, pleased and pleasing, eager, active, and thankful for services, and exercising bravely his noble youthful privilege to be happy and to enjoy. Sing, cheery spirit, whilst the spring lasts; bloom whilst the sun shines, kindly flowers of youth! You shall be none the worse to-morrow for having been happy to-day; if the day brings no action to shame it."

8. "Fanned by the breeze, to puff at ease
My faithful pipe is all I crave:
And if folk rave about the 'trees
Lit up by fireworks," let them rave."

A Book prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the fullest set of references for the above passages, giving source and author in each case.

II. AUTUMN PICTURES.

Half-a-Guinea will be awarded as a prize to the competitor who sends in the best selections, from prose

or poetry, under the above heading. They must be written very clearly, and no set must contain more than five hundred words. The source of each quotation must be accurately given.

III. SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

FOURTH OF FOUR.

1. You scorn romance and very plainly show it,
As if a cat sang better than a poet!
2. To finish *this* the labourer engages,
Else must expect to forfeit all his wages.
3. Scorned of fools, yet by a fool befooled,
Contemning wit, by wit *he's* sharply schooled,
Calls others mad, by them towards madness
driven,
So Fortune's whirlingig brings odd things even.
4. "*This*," said the man who held it, "doth reveal
But what I seem, little of what I feel."
5. *Here* came a man to tell his trouble,
His servants and his sons were double,
He lost them, and searched long in vain,
The play restores them all again.
6. Thirty-one lessons meant for her discerning,
Love taught a lady in *this* place of learning.

WHOLE.

A daring fighter, and a tender lover,
A thoughtful scholar and a loyal son—
Would his wise words were doubled, ten times over,
As for his deeds, would they were left undone!

(Find the words signified, and give references. This acrostic closes this series. Results will appear in October.)

ANSWERS FOR JUNE (page 543).

SKETCHES OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

1. From Sir Walter Scott's Journal.
2. From "Victoria's Tears," by Mrs. Browning.
3. From Washington Irving's Letters.
4. From Norman Macleod's Journal.
5. From a letter written by Carlyle to his sister, the late Mrs. Aitken of Dumfries.
6. From a letter written by Norman Macleod to Lady Ely.
7. From "A Song of Empire," by Lewis Morris.

The PRIZE VICTORIAN ESSAY has been won by H. C. JOHNSON.

SHAKESPEARIAN ACROSTIC.

THIRD OF FOUR.

The solution will appear next month. H. C. and other correspondents are informed that the misprinted references they point out in the answer to "CÆSAR" were observed, but too late for correction.

IMPORTANT RULES.—I. No person may take more than one prize in each class in one year, but may be commended.

II. Editor's decision final. No private correspondence possible.

III. Every paper sent in, whether for a prize or not, must have name and address attached, and be distinctly written. All must be received by the 30th of the month, having "Leisure Hour Prize Competitions" written outside the envelope. Answers appear here, and prize lists among the advertisements.

